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In Woods of **GOD-REALIZATION**

OR

The Complete Works of Swami RAMA TIRTHA

VOLUME VIII

FOREST TALKS

199.54
Ram/R.T.P.L.



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Seventh Edition

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PREFACE

The Readers of 'In Woods of God-Realization' are aware of the fact that the works of Swami Rama Tirtha published originally in four volumes were later on brought out in eight volumes in 1930.

Lately a suggestion was placed before the management that these volumes should be of uniform size as far as possible and some of the lectures should be put under the appropriate titles which each volume suggested. Some matter which was not already published in these volumes had also to be brought out.

The Rama Tirtha Pratishthan, therefore, evolved a scheme early in 1947 to publish the complete works of Swami Rama Tirtha 'In Woods of God-Realization', in 12 volumes as follows: -

- (1) The Pole Star Within
- (2) The Fountain of Power
- (3) Aids to Realization
- (4) Cosmic Consciousness and How to Realize it.

Murshidabad, Bellary, 8/12/47, 2/4/-

- (5) The Spirit of Realization
- (6) Sight seeing from the hill of Vedanta
- (7) India—the motherland
- (8) Forest talks
- (9) Mathematics and Vedanta.
- (10) Snapshots
- (11) Precious gems.
- (12) Musings of the Poet Monk.

Now this volume is published under the new scheme while other volumes are in the course of publication likewise. How the lectures have been redistributed would be manifest from a perusal of the full scheme.

I hope the blessed readers will appreciate our efforts in this direction.

RAMESHWAR SAHAI SINHA

M. L. A.

Hony. Secretary.

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SAYINGS OF RAMA

1

Sell not your liberty to Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, or Krishna.

2

If three hundred and thirty-three billons of Christ appear in the world, it will do no good, unless you your-self undertake to remove the darkness within. Depend not on others.

3

All religion is simply an attempt to unveil ourselves, to explain our Self.

4

True Religion means faith in *Good* rather than faith in *God*.

5

Remember. religion is a thing of the heart and virtue is a thing of the heart, so is sin. Sin and virtue have to do altogether with your position and frame of mind.

FOREST TALKS

FOREST TALKS

No. I

Civilization

Stretched beneath the cedars and pines, a cool stone serving for pillow, the soft sand for bed, one leg resting carelessly on the other, drinking fresh air with the whole heart, kissing the glorious light with fulness of joy, singing OM, letting the murmuring stream to keep time, Rama is questioned, half in joke, by a visitor—some upstart of civilization:—

“Why do you import Asiatic laziness into America ? Go out, do some good.”

Rama:—O my dear Self ! As to doing good, is not that profession already choked, overcrowded ? Leave me alone, me and my Rama.

Laziness, did you say ? Oriental laziness ? Why ? What is laziness ?

Is it not laziness to keep floundering in the quagmire of conventionality and let oneself

flow down the current of custom and fashion and sink like a dead weight in the well of appearances and be caught in the pond of possession and spend the time, which should be God's, in making gold and call it "doing good?" Is it not laziness to practically let *others* live your life and have no freedom in dress, eating, walking, sleeping, laughing, and weeping, not to say anything of talking? Is it not laziness to lose your Godhead? What for is this hurry and worry, this break-neck hot haste and feverish rush? To accumulate almighty Dollar like others, and what then? To enjoy as others? No. There is no enjoyment in running after enjoyment. O dear dupes of opinions, why postpone your enjoyment? Why don't you sit down here in this natural garden on the banks of this beautiful mountain-stream and enjoy the company of your real blood relations—free air, silvery light, playful water and green earth—relations of which your blood is really formed? Hide bound in caste are the civilized nations. They separate themselves from fellow-beings and exile themselves from free open Nature and

fresh fragrant natural life into close drawing rooms—dens and dungeons. They banish themselves from the wide world, excommunicate themselves from all creation, ostracise themselves from plants and animals. By arrogating to themselves airs of superiority, prestige, respectability, honour, they cut themselves into isolated stagnation. Have mercy, my friends, have mercy on yourselves.

The wealth swept out of the possession of more needy and added to your property by organised craft will enable you simply to have sickening dinners of hotels and taverns and furnish you with pallid countenances and conventional looks, will imprison you in boxes called rooms, choked with the stink of artificiality, will keep you all the time in the *restlessness* of mind excited by all sorts of unnatural stimulants—physical and mental. Why all such fuss for mere self-delusion? In the name of such supposed pleasures lose not your hold on Real Joy, no need of beating about the bush. Come, enjoy the Now and Here. Come lie with me on the grass.

Don't you waste away your life in soliciting

the favour of silver or gold to *insure* your life.
Can your *life* be *insured* by becoming rich in
money and paying in time ? Don't you believe
it, O deluded Immortal ! Why seek excuses for
existence in rush and push about dainty trifles?

"The world is much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that would be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn"—

Wordsworth.

The so-called advanced nations of Europe
and America are only in advanced stages of
mortification. Advancement means spiritual
or intellectual advancement. True progress
must touch the real man and not waste itself
on his mere shadow. Progress has nothing

to do with material riches or with the multiplying of unnecessary necessities. The ancient Aryans, writing magnificent works, living unsophisticated, free lives and owning nothing in the world, led a mode of life to be repeated by History again with proper modifications. Present civilization is side-tracked from its main end. Man is talked of just as they speak of corn and wheat; prices rising and falling. Rise above it. Nothing can set a price on you.

Beloved devotees of Show, to you the Aryan ideal of *Sannyasa*, Renunciation, appears as idle dreaming. Be on your guard, please, the time is ripe to shake you and wake you up and make you realize what a terrible nightmare you were under. The civilized man without renunciatiinn through love is only a more experienced and wiser savage.

Be not charmed by glamour, artificiality, conventionality, money-madness of the civilized world. These have proved a failure. These were tried in the fire and found wanting like wood, hay, or stubble. Half the population is dying of starvation, the other half is buried

under conspicuous waste, superfluous furniture, scent, hottles, affectations, galvanized manners all sorts of precious trifles, squalid riches, and unhealthy show.

Neither mental nor manual labour is incompatible with health and longevity *except the one is maintained at the expense of the other.* But in the present-day world some are living on (rather dying of) manual labour, others are perishing from the luxury of intellectual dissipation (mental strain). This is like dry bread being divided among some members of the family and mere butter (or garnishing) distributed among some others.

The self-condemned slums of the Universe are those who possess any thing, the real Shudras are those who claim anything, the self-impeached prisoners in dingy dungeons are those who own anything, the pitiable atoms are those who are for accumulation. These suicides choking and strangling themselves in the dirty dust of riches calling themselves kings and presidents, some drowning themselves in the depth of darkness calling themselves doctors and philosophers. some be foundered

in the quagmire of weakness and nervousness calling it *strength*, bottom-like taking airs of superiority at their very ludicrous condition, self-hypnotised to fish on dry floor—helplessly suffering from the nightmare of possession and property, these self-persecuting strange ascetics need emancipation and waking up. Down with the prerogatives and presumptions of wealth, knowledge, titles, and authority. Equality is the law of happiness. Savage greed, the animal instinct of clutching, grasping, and the worse than animal tendency to possess and accumulate keeps them hurried, worried, and flurried. Let the typhoid fever of arrogance and vain ambition be allayed. Let the inexorable Truth be instilled and drilled into every ear: "Just inasmuch as thou hast possessed anything, thou hast been possessed and obsessed.

Be not oppressed by the pressure of Civilization or the ways of the world around you, O aspirer after Truth ! Be not handicapped by the show and display of the so-called advancing nations. Their "facts and figures" are mere trickery of the senses, fables, and fictions; and

their "hard cash or stern reality" is mere gossamer and will-o'-the-wisp. In the twentieth century the day is not far off when the progressing nations must change their forms of government or ways of living and fashion them on the principles of freedom and Vedanta. In renouncing the spirit of Vedantic renunciation lies the salvation of nations as well as of individuals. There is no other way.

In all the civilized Western countries, suffering from the fever of thirst to accumulate indigenous forces are strongly at work which soon, very soon, must wake up the self-stifled grubs from the nightmare of Possession. The Reign of Renunciation is to bless the world, the Kingdom of Freedom.

Ques.—Do you mean to advocate a new faith?

Ans—Rama is no *advocate* of any idea. Truth advocates itself. Rama simply offers no resistance to the Master, just keeps himself transparent, lets the light shine free. Let it shine in any form. Let the body, mind, and all be consumed by the flame! There can be nothing more fortunate, message delivered, kill the messenger.

Ques.—Do you play the *role* of an apostle or prophet ?

Ans.—No. That is below my dignity. I am God Itself and so are you. The body is my vehicle.

Ques.—It (your message) won't succeed. People are not *prepared* to receive it.

Ans.—What is that to me ? I (Truth) never march on these *catchpenny considerations*. Ages are mine, Eternity is mine. If Christ was rejected by his own people, the whole world took him up. If rejected by his own time, the succeeding ages were his.

Ques.—History does not bear out your thought.

Rama.—Your History is incomplete. That chapter in History which this Truth is to write, you have not read yet. History shrivels up before Will, even if it be the will of one man. History loses itself on the study of symptoms missing the intrinsic cause.

Ques.—According to Emerson, true bond of love is *feeling alike*, and you, a typical non-Conformist, don't seem to agree with *any body*, what a loveless life you must be dragging !

Ans.—I exult in looking at my paintings (world) from different stand-points. Here I view them as a conservative from behind; there I watch them as a progressive liberal from the front; as Rama (or Puran) I examine from the right; as a critic (of the *Thundering Dawn*) I inspect from the left. All these poses and side-views are entirely mine. When a milk-woman is churning out butter, the string in the right hand is being pulled by herself as well as that in the left hand. All views being *mine own*, how could I differ from any body? Thus am I the ocean of Love surging in *different* waves. I agree to differ from each and all. Come, enjoy with me this *Agreement in difference*.

Ques.—Is it not *mysticism*? How can one individual be identified with another individual who lives in complete separation from him?

Ans.—Well, let it be so. I also wonder that to all *appearance* we cannot be one, and yet we are *one*.

Lame Philosophy may not be capable of proving it, senses may be helpless in showing

it; yet it is so. When reality is realized, appearances vanish. Love demonstrates it. "That Thou Art," God Itself thou art.

Ques—Why do you say God-*Itself*?

Ans.—Some worship God as *Father in Heaven* and address It as *He*. Some worship God as *Mother Divine* and ought to address It as *She*. Others worship God as beloved sweet-heart (like Persian poets), so before using any personal pronoun for God we ought to determine whether God is *Miss*, *Mrs.*, or *Mister*.

Ques.—Then what is God?

Ans.—Neither *Miss*, nor *Mrs.*, nor *Mister*, but *Mystery*,

FOREST TALKS

No. II

Property

Most of the following was originally written in reply to a question asked on the road just before the parting of ways.

Was it you, Blessed one, who once asked Rama's views about "Property-rights" ? or, if you excuse Rama for the correction, "Property wrongs" ? Well, whoever it may have been that put the question, in Rama's eyes it was your own noble self, whether in this body or some other.

What is *Property* ?

That which is *proper* to one or *right* for a being (or thing).

Inherent lightness, combustibility, etc., are the properties of Hydrogen but the glass which holds the gas can never be its property. So, manhood, nay, Godhead is your property,

but the house in which you live or jewellery can never be your property. People are willing to lose their birthright, their natural Property—Godhead, but how persistently they make fun of themselves by tenaciously clinging to house, gold, and the like regarding these their property ! What a huge joke !

All divisions and distinctions on the riches and possessions are quite as unnatural as mankind's classification by shoes.

Rama proclaims by this that the only veil or hindrance to the realization of Self is the usual sense of property, the rights of bundles and baggage. The very moment we want to possess a thing, possessed we are by the demon of Self-delusion. Renunciation, or you may call it *All-Possession*, by identification with Truth is Vedanta pure and simple. Perfect Democracy, equality, throwing of the load of external authority, casting aside the vain accumulative spirit, throwing overboard all prerogatives, spurning the airs of superiority, and shaking off the embarrassments of inferiority, is Vedanta on the material plane. And Vedanta carries that spirit on the

mental and spiritual planes as well. Giving up the exclusive claim to any thing and everything including the body, intellect, writings, sayings, house, family, reputation, prestige, is Vedanta. In other words, destroying all hedges and limitations, fencing not yourself in by fencing others out, but as God regaining supreme dominion over every power, atom, star, and tree in the world is Vedanta. Many organized attempts are being made (often unconsciously) to pave the way for the realization of Vedanta by the world at large. The flag of Sannyasa must eventually wave all over the world.

Some Vedantins are already living a life of perfect Love-Government and in some quarters the flame has been kept alive from prehistoric times.

Just think of a sage sitting on the bank of the Ganges while cows, dogs, fishes, and birds, emboldened by his love, fearlessly approach and share with him the loaf of bread from his hands. Let me cite an extreme case.

I know of a Swami whose body was suffering from a severe wound. Worms were

eating up the skin, no ointment to kill the worms would he use, or when the satiated worms fell down from the pus of the sore he would pick them up, and laughingly, smilingly help them on to the sore part. This little body belongs to every insect in the world and the wide world belongs to me. The universe is my body. Air and earth are my dress and shoes.

Swami means a continuous giver. Keep to Truth and let everything else go. A Sannyasin, the only alms taken by whom are given away to the more needy, when he has nothing more to give, very cheerfully does he give away his body to flies, worms, and reptiles, and, as the Self of all, he enjoys in the capacity of receiver as well. He enjoys as flies and worms while partaking of the feast of flesh; he enjoys as air and heat while drying up the bones.

Ordinary Charity :—The sense of possession has taken such a turn, and things have come to such a pass that to give back a nominal moiety of the wealth, which has been accumulated by degrading, impoverishing and

hard pressing one portion of society, is called noble charity, as if to pour a little water into the mouth of a dying victim to prolong his tortures were the highest virtue. To charge no *vyaj* (which originally means in Sanskrit, fraud, craft, and nowadays designates *interest*) is considered great favour, because *vyaj* is the order of the day.

This describes the charity of Europe and America. Indian charity, however, does not trouble itself so much about the starving or labouring classes (Sudras), but it takes the charitable donors straight to Heaven by feeding the oversatiated idlers, in the store-houses of God, the high representatives of religion petrified.

I shall make simplicity fashionable. What makes you more attractive ? Is it the clothes that conceal you or the grace that reveals you ? No need of borrowing beauty from clothes or anything. Wear natural smiles, health, and cheerfulness.

Let any body come and steal. Let the poor government make a fool of herself by becoming possessed of possessions. What is

that to you? You give not your portion up. Truth, truth is your Self. Certainly not for the "salt sea spray" (of material riches) but for Truth you stand up. Shall we require any University Degrees? Nonsense. The final Degree must be self-conferred.

It is true that a dream-built sword is necessary to vanquish a dream-tiger. But from the stand-point of wakeful consciousness both the sword and the tiger of dreamland do not count anything. Just so with the empirical sciences and arts: however indispensable they may be as worldly knowledge, they carry no value in Divine Wakefulness. One of the great stumbling blocks in the way of self-realization is the deference and abnormal respect for intellectual capital—University-degrees, certificates, titles, honours, and other mental possessions. To a man of realization the world is simply the creation of the hypnotism of people, who in this self-created bedlam keep each other in countenance by mutual suggestion. All the objects in the world are simply like the lakes created by a hypnotized man on dry floor. and being of

such nature, the knowledge of those objects also, on which the Doctors and Professors pride and take airs of superiority, is nothing more than hypnotism. The world is but etherial and so is the knowledge of these people. To a man of realization who has risen to the fountain-head of all worldly phenomena, neither the great spheres, the rivers, the mountains, the suns and stars appear as surprising, nor the *knowledge* of such phenomena as possessed by astronomers, mathematicians, botanists, geologists, and zoologists appears to be of any intrinsic value beyond mere play, amusement, and fun. The people who possess worldly objects (capitalists) and those who possess the *knowledge* of objects (Scientists) stand on the same level with those objects, that is to say, are phenomenal. The frowns and favours, criticisms and suggestions of the Doctors, Philosophers, and Professors fall flat upon a man of God-Realization, have no meaning to him. Usually Universities, shows and fairs are nothing short of different means to prolong the hypnotic state. As a rule, churches, temples,

gatherings, and meetings are all different methods of prolonging the hypnotic world-sleep. The *jivanmukta* feels no surprise or wonder if the sun were to cool down to the freezing point, or if the moon were to rise in temperature to the highest degree, nay, even if the flame of fire were to burn below the fuel instead of above it, or all space were rolled away like a scroll.

There was a time when the Brahmans (Priestcraft) ruled the world; there was an age when the Kshatriyas (Chivalry) reigned; these are now the days when Vaishyas (Capitalists) govern; and next is coming the era of the supremacy of labour in Sudras, but Sudras blessed with the spirit of Sannyasa.

In Europe and America, the *working class* (the Sudra caste) is not stereotyped and rigidified by rules of heredity and religious injunctions, and yet matters are very unsatisfactory. In India the evil and injustice is doubly multiplied by the caste-system coming to aid the self-delusion of all the parties. This prevents *strikes* but makes the whole nation more helpless and more timid than innocent sheep.

Up to this time Vedanta has been the exclusive property of a few only. It has lived on the intellectual plane mostly. This child, conceived so long ago, remained in the womb of the earth (the Himalyas), but it comes down at last to the plains as the holy Ganges, washing alike the Brahman and the Sudra, purifying man as well as God, sweeping away all unnatural differences. Organic man should be one, which is seldom felt. Just as regular meals you need to take consciously but the assimilation or distribution of the food material into *different* parts and organs of the body takes care of itself unconsciously to you, while you concentrate in unity and integration (love and divinity) the differentiation and appropriate variation will take care of itself.

O Princes, Priests, Sudras, and Ruling classes of India ! Can you conceive the state of affairs a few years hence ? Call it odd and curious, yet I see before me a world of Swamis ; gods walking on the face of the earth ; clay-classifications of Man swept away ; the distinctions in India, China, America,

England, etc., dissolved ; new crystals springing up to be dissolved again in their turn.

O dreaming darlings ! Cast away the scales from your eyes and see the highest Sannyasins joining hands with the lowest Sudras ; lo ! there is the begging bowl converted into a spade or hoe. Sannyasins shorn of their laziness, Sudra—labour exalted to the dignity of Sannyasa, the spirit of renunciation actuating all, shameless boldness of a harlot and the purity of Rama combined, the tenderness of a lamb wedded to the resolute intrepidity of a lion, the extremes meet and the intermediate unnatural distinctions dissolved, the world becomes one family. See all this, look there and see !

Shall we require sword or fire ? No. Any police ? No, Is it Utopia ? No, flimsy phantom this. Is it communism or socialism ? May be. But for India it is the native growth, the most natural application of Vedanta. O Indians, if you know yourselves and adopt this renunciation, where will the disease be ? When the mental malady is

gone, material disease is bound to flee. No need of underhand work, no need of policy playing, no need of suspicion and fear. Let that be followed by the timid *Deicides*.

I am Emperor Rama, whose throne is your own hearts. When I preached in the Vedas, when I taught at Kurukshetra, Jerusalem, Mecca, I was misunderstood. I raise my voice again. My voice is your voice. *Tat Twam Asi* Thou art all thou seest.

Some of you are scowling. Some of you I see have turned up your noses at an angle of thirty degrees. Some of you have thrown off the paper in disgust. Do what you please but the Dispensation must work. No power can prevent it, no kings, devils, or gods can withstand it. Inevitable is Truth's order. Faint not. My head is your head; cut it if you please, but a thousand others will grow in its place.

Shams-Tabrez sings the same melody. Did the sweet Bullah and powerful Gopal Singh of the Punjab chant the same song? Did Jesus babble the same Truth? Did Mohammad see the same Crescent moon?

That is nothing to me. My *Id* comes when I see *her*. Old truth is ever new. Your *Id* comes when you realize for yourself. All the prophets and saints, the heroes of your self-ignorance, are merged in you the moment you wake up to your real Self, *God-Truth*.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

FOREST TALKS

No. III

Reformer

“Higher and still higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The deep blue thou wingest
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest.”

Shelley.

THE HOLY SHADOW

(Translated from French by Ruth Croft)

Long, long ago there lived a saint so good
that the astonished angels came down from
the Heaven to see how a mortal could be so
godly. He simply went about his daily life
diffusing virtue, as the star diffuses light and
the lower perfume; without even being
aware of it.

Two words summed up his day:—he gave, he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips. They were expressed in his ready smile, his kindness, forbearance, and charity.

The angels said to God: "O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles."

God replied: "I consent; ask what he wishes."

So they said to the saint: "Should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick?"

"No," answered the saint, "I would rather God should do that."

"Should you like to convert guilty souls and bring back wandering hearts to the right path?"

"No: that is the mission of angels. I pray, I do not convert."

"Should you like to become a model of patience attracting men by the lustre of your virtues, and thus glorifying God?"

"No," replied the saint, "if men should be attracted to me, they would become estranged from God. The Lord has other means of glorifying Himself."

“What do you desire then?” cried the angels.

“What can I wish for?” asked the saint smiling.

“That God gives me His grace; with that, should I not have everything?”

But the angels wished: “You must ask for a miracle, or one will be forced upon you.”

“Very well,” said the saint, “that I may do a great deal of good, without ever knowing it.”

The angels were greatly perplexed. They took counsel together and resolved upon the following plan: Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind him, or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort sorrow.

And so it came to pass: when the saint walked along, his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, made arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom, gave clear water to dried up brooks, fresh colour to pale little children, and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

And the people respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracles. Little by little, they came even to forget his name, and called him only "The Holy Shadow."

ब्रह्म सत्यं जगन्मिथ्या जीवो ब्रह्मैव ना परः ।

Sense in English

Let Truth gain such immense proportions for you that before its magnitude all appearances and the vanity-show of purses and persons may volatilize into evanescence. And when your identification with Truth is true and real, the shafts of malice shall not penetrate you, the rhinoceros shall find no point wherein to drive his horn, the tiger shall find no room to fix his claws, the sword shall find no place to thrust itself, cannon balls raining on your body shall not touch you.

Your league should be with Truth alone. Even if you are obliged to stand alone, live

with Truth, die with Truth. If on the ethereal heights of Truth-life thou art left alone, the sun of righteousness should be companion enough for you. Comrades will begin to pour in by taking the living suggestions from you. The organization thus formed will be natural. Don't run after organizing by compromising. I do not want to make any converts and gather any followers. I simply live the Truth. Truth requires no defence and defenders. Does the sun-light require any apostles and messengers? I don't spread the Truth, the Truth speeds me and spreads itself.

Say the Evolutionists on *adaptation*. "The world is not on the whole a hard world to live in, if one have the knack of making the proper concessions. Hosts of animals, plants, and men have acquired this knack and they and their descendants are able to hold their own in the pressure of what is called the 'Struggle for Existence.' Yes, one who possesses the Art of Living is a Rishi, all the world must harmonize with him because he harmonizes with all the world. How

could obstacles present before a person in accord with the *all* through renunciation of the desiring little self? But the people are very apt to misapply this principle of Science." "*The child of altruism alone survives.*"

What is altruism ?

Does it mean continuous looking out? What the people are *expecting*, what they would like, desire, and approve of? Does the "knack of making concession" imply *conformity* to the opinions of the people? or is it the fever of "doing" that constitutes the Service of Humanity?

No. *Truthful Individualism* is the only true altruism. He who simply keeps himself *well attuned* to cheerfulness and love and gives out plainly the Truth as revealed to him without distorting it in the name of Concession or Conformity, such a one alone will survive in the long run.

When an apparently new and startling idea is struggling out in your breast, rest assured that thousands around you must also have at least felt the same way if not definitely

conceived the same thought; just as while one melon is ripening in a field, thousand others must also be growing under the influence of the same season. When one leaf, petal or stamen begins to form on a tree or one plant begins to push its way above the ground in spring, there are hundreds of thousands all around just ready to form. A new spiritual, moral, or intellectual birth is ever sacred—as sacred as a child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to conceal it.

In being true to your Self you will be astonished to find yourself true to All. Concession, Renunciation, Conformity in favour of Truth and Truth alone is sinless. Respect for persons, appearances, titles, riches, learning, and forms is *idolatry*. Worldly wisdom is only excuse of Ignorance.

“ With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the Sea its long Moon silverd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with nothing
All the fever of some differing soul.”

“ Bounded by themselves and unregardful,
In what state God's other works may be,

In their own tasks all their powers pouring
These attain the mighty life you see."

"Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery"

Be it life or death I care only for reality.
Be it sin or sorrow, I'll be true to the inner
genius.

O Truth, I love Thee ; O Love, I am
true to Thee.

A great malevolent force is the anxiety on the part of "workers" "to accomplish" something, to *achieve ostensible* results, that the matters may record, the largest possible number of converts and followers. The anxiety for "facts and figures" works all sorts of mischief. There may be venom enough in a dead body to infect a nation, does it prove the greatness of the carcase? Often times to that amounts the contagious spread of some creeds.

People are too eager to see the trees, planted by them, fructify and to eat the fruits thereof. This implies lack of faith and selfishness. Jesus, Nanak, and some others made their bodies the humble manure of

trees which bore fruit many generations after them.

Some speakers are ambitious only to gather like comets a conspicuous tail of trailing show behind them where the huge nebulous appendix, despite its length and size, has practically no weight at all.

The fireworks-illumination attracts crowds, but directly after the show is over, no trace is left behind. And who could ever improve in the firework's light the restless jumping Jack? It is the continuous steady light—let it be even the humble candle lights—that truly serves and blesses.

Throw not your centre of gravity outside yourself. Pure love and self-sacrifice is the requirement of character, good to others is only contingent.

As journeys the Earth, her eye on the Sun
through the heavenly spaces,

And radiant in azure, or Sunless, swallowed
in tempests,

Falters not, alters not journeying equal sunlit
or storm-girt,

So, Thou, Son of Earth, who hast force, Goal,
and time, go still onwards.

There is a tendency in India to reject a worker's service in this line because of his fault in that line, for instance to reject the teachings of a preacher because his personal habits of living are not acceptable. Thus co-operation has become next to impossible in the country. This tendency amounts to rejecting the cow her milk because the cow is not fit for riding purposes, or not riding a mare because she yields no milk.

The clear observation of naturalists shows that the race is not "to the swift" nor "the battle to the strong," but to them who can keep together. Prior to *competition* is *Combination*. How is combination to be secured among mankind? Any combination for combination's sake is doomed to fail. Natural organisms *like our body* are unconscious. All Science is the out-come of mutual help, co-operation, unity and common work, but no two Scientists need live together. In faithfulness to the same Truth consists the organization of Scientists. Children have a common practical religion of love, play, and innocence all over the world. This *unity*

comes about by the natural faithfulness of each child to his dear sweet Self. The desire to be well thought of by one's fellows often enough ruins the veracity of character. This is the foundation of hypocritical society. The additional pressure that is brought to bear upon one by his desiring to please others, who may have abnormal or perverted tastes, leads him into many things he would otherwise desire not to do. Drinking habits are usually induced by sympathy and regard for drinking friends.

Truth is the good. Following truth is the only doing good. Truth makes you strong. Truth makes you free. Independence of outer authority and law is secured by being a law to oneself. This is *Honour*. Might does not make right, but that which is right will justify itself in persistence, and persistence is strength (or might). That which is weak dies. *We only know God's purpose by what he permits.* In the Book of Nature, God with His own fingers writes so clearly and unmistakably: *There is no Sin but weakness*, and it is born of Ignorance.

That which persists and grows must be in line with God's purpose. A law is only an observed generalization of what is. The Gospel of Nature gives us the following law : " Whatever is right shall justify itself sooner or later by becoming might." Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch ! Nay, you may kick it about all day like a football and it will be round and sound in the evening. God is governing the world and *Mighty, nay Almighty Truth* alone conquers. Be not astonished at or afraid of the Truth and speak from the depth of your heart "*I am God.*"

That party alone which demonstrates more of Truth, works more in harmony with the Power Infinite, and reveals more of the Almighty, shall have success and superiority. *Truth consciousness* brings strenght and victory, *Skin-consciousness* (*deha abhiman*), even if it be Brahman-consciousness or Sannyasin-consciousness) makes a cobbler (Chamar, *Sudra*) of you. It is this leather dealing *Chandalhood* against which the sane Shruti warns you again and again.

A truthful, self-denying person can bring the noble spirit of Sannyasa to bear upon the leather dealer's trade. That trade, profession, or business in itself cannot make a Sudra of you. The roots of the tree of Nationality are *women, children and Sudras*, the proper education and care of all of whom is sadly neglected in India. The so-called higher classes, *par excellence*, are only the fruit of the tree.

Let us not waste all our time in trying to keep the fruit on the tree. Attend to the root, feed it and water it properly.

Dear Reformers! By catering to the tastes of the rich, your personality might perhaps be exalted for the time, but Truth will advance through the poorer classes, children and women, and through them alone. So says History. There is a tendency on the part of teachers to compliment themselves when officials attend their speeches. Well, it is true that the Government employees are in these days more intelligent than the rest, and can be of some service, but the uplifting of the nation is not to be expected through

them. People who have sold their liberty for a pittance (call it a large salary), whose vitality is sapped by the now necessary evil of routine work and whose energy is sucked by overwork, these honorable stone-Thakur jees—from their pedestal of worshipful confinement and high helplessness—let them enjoy the well-earned siren-songs of flattery, soothing lullabies, and homage of their attendants ; but real revival will begin with the humble root and root alone.

The chief cause of the failure of ever so many movements in India, has been that the workers spent away their energies in watering the fruits and leaves (nobility and gentry). The poor Sudras need light and life. The people will upraid you for attending to the poor “ *nothings* ” as the “ lower ” classes are considered. But remember, even a nothing (cipher) can multiply the value ten times, being placed on the right side of the significant figure 1. Let your ‘I’ be identified with figures or ciphers in the right way. “ *Tat-Twam-Asi.* ” That thou art.

Some say “women, children, and Sudras”

are not *adhikarins* (worthy of Brahma Vidya). It is just that view which has kept Vedanta a great but doubtful formula—a mere formula and no reality.

If every child is worthy of the Sun's light and air, why not of spiritual light and air ? Why shut out Brahma Vidya from any one ? Down with the closed rooms and underground cells of ignorance and weakness. Let Divine Light and air bless all.

Spiritual Pauperism is produced by giving people moral commandments. Hysterie moralists defeat their own end by forcing *forms* of virtue instead of enlightening themselves and others as to the knowledge of Reality. Everyone is true to his lights. No one will step into a well when he sees it before him. All our " Do's " and " Don'ts " appeal only to the *animality* in man. When we tell even a boy or girl " Thou shalt do this or that," the rational in him or her resents and rebels because of being ignored and slighted. Our imperative commandments are like trying to drive away the horse (the animality) from its rider (rationality). We teach children

the spirits of rebellion in trying to rule them or exercise on them any authority other than their 'own' reason. Where forced rule does not create rebellion it creates decay and death. According to a law of Psychology the more indirect a hint in the normal state of man, the stronger is its effect. In our forced moral teachings to ordinary person naturally takes a suggestion to the contrary. Desire of anything is increased by prohibition or condemnation.

The custom is that people cannot spare even God and want Him to wait upon their precious little self, serving them with daily or monthly bread. A customer of mystic power once went to a trader in religion, asking the venerable Siddha (or Pir) to teach him some "divine" formula by repeating which he might gain the worldly end, nearest to his heart. The Fakir told the *mantram*, but imposed a rather queer condition for its fruition. "Let not the thought of a monkey cross your mind while repeating the formula for a prescribed length of time." The poor fellow returned to the Guru next day.

complaining : " Sir, the idea of monkey could never occur to me, had you not warned me against it. But now the monkey-thought clings to me with monkey-grip, I cannot shake it off." Thus impurity and other sins would long have left the world, had not our blessed teachers kept them up by continual dwelling on them in condemning them. Adam, poor Adam, in the magnificent grand garden of Eden would never have thought of eating the fruit of a particular tree in a neglected quarter, had not the Biblical God distinguished it as "*forbidden*."

In the name of reform we carry our dictatory directions to the extremes. A child being once asked his name replied : "Mamma always calls me Don't ! That must be my name." So have people lost their Real Self under the weight of rules and orders, and they fancy themselves to be merest name and form.

The practical Vedanta needs to be commenced in India not through books so much as through health. Vedanta is health—physical, mental, and spiritual. Not only colds, coughs,

fevers, diabetes, and the like, but jealousy, laziness, distemper, unclean thoughts, weakness, and other forms of impurity are immediately washed away by restoring health of stomach.

True liberty is the accurate appreciation of necessity. I am that *necessity* and being that necessity am free. Real health is in knowing Me. Unless you have *me*, your so-called health is only a fair covering of foul disease. The words Health, Whole, Holy belong to the same stock. The feeling of Unity is health. Live in that Unity and be not overwhelmed by the importance of any thing in the world. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. The problems of life cannot remain unsolved, for life is the solution of problems. Let the Health express itself free, harbour no motives. The improper property to be immediately renounced are one's *objects*. *Look straight* : which means dare to look at any body and everybody just as boldly as you look at trees and rivers fearlessly, with no apprehension, as a child, projecting no personality in them, seeing your own Self

and no stranger in these. Children who play life discern its true laws and relations, more clearly than men who think they are wiser by *experience*, that is, by failure. Even nettle (Bichhu ghas) will not hurt you if you grasp it unhesitatingly, but will set your skin in burning irritation if merely touched. There are some good workers whose private conversation is mostly full of (cautious apprehension of) "Spies" and (wise fear of) "Detectives." These worthy Reformers, I dare say, are thieves themselves. Dear Detectives, Sweet Spies, you are entirely welcome, I need you. I shall pay you infinitely more than your previous salary (if any). Please do detect me. Pray, do spy into my secrets, and I will be pleased to give you all I have, all your desires will I wonderfully fulfil, all your wants will be removed, no more will you suffer pain, poverty will be swept away, all the kingdoms you will find at your feet. Bless your secret-seeking heart ! Come.

Work every healthy person must be doing by the very demands of health. The child has no motives, yet it is one of the most active

beings on the earth. Vedanta requires of you to hit hard, play your part manfully, but hang not your joy on the event, let every stroke *be propelled and impelled by joy and not always be aiming vainly at joy.*

Ye who stand alone in Truth, be not afraid that the vast majority is against you. No. This seeming vast majority of Conservative Ignorance is like the armies of morning dew-drops swarming on the fresh leaves and green blades of grass. This melting majority is glistening simply to bid you welcome, O Sun. Identify yourself with Truth, what matters it, if a handful of seething millions opposes you, the majority is still on your side. The rocks, trees, rivers, breeze, the sun and stars are with you. Time is with you. The day is yours, centuries are yours. Eternity is yours. All embracing Nature is with you. You surround the opponents and are not surrounded by them. You surround chance and take it captive.

WANTED

Reformers—

Not of others,
but of themselves,

Who have won—

Not University distinctions,
But victory over the local self;

Age :—The youth of divine joy.

Salary :—Godhead.

Apply Sharp—

With no begging solicitations
But commanding decision
To the Director of the Universe,
Your own Self.

Om! Om!! Om!!!

FOREST TALKS

No. IV

Stories

Let God work through you and there will be no more duty—let God shine forth. Let God show Himself. Live God, Eat God, Drink God, Breathe God. Realise the Truth, and the other things will take care of themselves. Live ye the Kingdom of Heaven, which is in you, which is you ; all other things are added unto you.

LORD BYRON (I)

He let the spirit of freedom work through him. When he was a student at the University, the class to which he belonged in an Examination were asked to write Essays on the miraculous changing of water into wine by Christ at the wedding feast. Oh ! how some of those candidates laboured ! During

the time allotted, some of them wrote long, long stories of how the guests were dressed, how the feast was spread, how Jesus looked, and went on and on to elaborate upon the subject. During all this time, Byron sat in his seat looking at the ceiling, watching the faces of the other students, and well nigh whistling. When the time was up, the Professor came around to collect their composition books and as he came to Byron he said in joke, "You must be tired, you have been writing so hard," and expected to be handed a blank book, but Byron said, "Wait a minute," and forthwith he scrawled out a line and handed the book to the master. Now after three weeks or so had passed, the result was announced, and some essays received honourable mention, but how surprised were all to know that Byron had won the first prize. To convince the students of the high merit of Byron's essay the teacher read it in class, and this line made the whole essay ; "*The water saw its Lord and blushed.*" He forced nothing. This little line was spontaneous, and like all work, done

naturally, was perfect, free, graceful, poetic—the work of the Self.

“ The eye—it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel where’r they be
Against or with our will.



Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking ?”

Wordsworth.

MASTER MUSICIAN (II.)

There was a beautiful organ in a Church, in fact, the organ was so fine that the custodian would not allow an amateur to touch it. One day while they were having a service in the Church, a stranger, dressed poorly, came in and wanted to play upon the organ, but he was not allowed to near it. He was unknown to the minister and since this was such a choice thing, of course they would not let him play upon it. After the service was over and the musician had left

the organ, this man stealthily crept up to the organ. The minute he laid his hands upon it, the organ recognised its master and such music as it poured forth, though the congregation were on their feet and ready to go, still when these peals of grandeur came forth, they were spell-bound, enraptured, and could not leave the Church. This wielder of wonderful harmony was the master musician, the inventor of the organ himself.

We do not give the Self, God, Love, a chance to do for us, we must care for this body, we must care for this mind, and it is plain to be seen that in that case only common place notes come forth of us. Let the Master play upon the organ and the minute Love's hands touch the chords, music will pour forth—music that you never dreamt of before.—wonderful light and harmony will begin to flow, divine melodies will begin to burst out, celestial rhapsodies emanate.

“God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows,
Through all its channels, Love, from Thee.

"It springs to life in grass flowers,
Through every thread of being runs
Till from creation's radiant towers
In glory flames, in stars and suns.
' God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all its channels back to Thee.
' Thus round and round the current runs
A mighty sea without a shore,
Till man with angels, stars, and suns
Unite in love for ever more."

— *Lizzie Doben.*

DODGING DEATH (III)

Once there was a man so clever as to reproduce himself to such a perfection that you could not tell the reproduction from the original. He knew that the angel of death was coming for him, and as he did not know just what to do to avoid the angel, finally settled upon what might be termed an able device. He reproduced himself a dozen times. Now when the angel of death came, he could not know which was the real person and therefore did not take any. The angel returned

to God and asked Him what to do, and after a consultation, returned to the earth to try again to take this man and remarked, "Dear ! you are wonderfully clever, why, that is just the way you have made these figures, but there is one thing wherein you have erred, there is just one fault." The original man immediately jumped up and asked suddenly, "In what, in what have I erred ?" And the angel said, "In just this," singling out the clever man from the mute statues. The only wrong is to ask "*Am I right?*" Dear one, what else could you be ? The little imp of doer-self is claimed by death.

THIS IS MY CARROT (IV)

In famine days a poor woman died. The Judge of Death in his post-mortem investigation into her case, while assorting her good and bad deeds, could discover no act of charity except that she had once given a *carrot* (or *radish*, I am not sure) to a starving beggar. By order of the Judge the *carrot* was reproduced. This carrot was to take her to heaven.

She caught hold of the carrot and it began to risc lifting her with it.

There appeared the old beggar on the scene. He clutched at the hem of her tattered garment, began to be elevated along with her, a third candidate for mercy began similarly to be uplifted being suspended from the foot of the beggar, nay, a long series of persons one below the other began to be drawn up by that single Carrot-Elevator. And strange to say the woman felt no weight of all these souls hanging from her ! (Do not such things often happen even in dreams ?)

These saved persons rose up higher and still higher till they reached the Gate of Heaven. Here the woman looked below, and don't know what moved her, she said to the train of souls behind her,—

“Off, you fellows !

This is *my* carrot !”

And unconsciously waved her hand to keep them away. The carrot was lost and down fell the poor woman with the entire train.

The facts are plainly stated, *you may* moralize yourself.

EQUALITY (V)

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Littte Brig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere."
"And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I.
And not half so spry,
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all's well and wisely put."
"If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Question.—"You say, Swamiji, that our Self is all knowledge ; so pray tell me some method of Vedantic clairvoyance by which I

may win the highest prize in the ensuing Law-examination without reading the books."

Answer—A prince in his childhood was playing hide-and-seek with the children of noblemen. He had much ado to search out the boys. A by-stander remarked, "What is the use of making so much fuss to discover the play-fellows who can be collected immediately if you exercise princely authority to call them out?" The prince replied. "In that case the play would lose its relish, there would remain no interest in the game." Just so, in reality, you are the supreme ruler and all-knowing Omniscient Divinity, but as you have in fun opened the quest of your own subjects (all sorts of study and other pursuits in the great hide-and-seek labyrinth of the world), it would not be fair play to exercise that authority which checkmates the whole game. On the plane where the past, present, and future and all the thousands of suns and stars become your own Self, nay, all objects are mere ripples and eddies in the ocean of your knowledge, how could you care for the Law examinations and wordly success?

If you want to possess Divine clairvoyance, you have to give up or rise above the very plane of senses from which and for which you seek clairvoyance.

A net was spread to catch fish. The fish, on falling in the net carried it off by their stupendous weight. Vedantic new clairvoyance is that "queer fish" which carries away the net of desires entirely. Again the ordinary method of acquiring knowledge is itself a Vedantic process of clairvoyance inasmuch as it entails an unconscious escape during study from the sense of ego and duality.

It is said of Imam Ghizali, a Mohammedan saint, that in his student life, one night, after his usual strenuous work, he fell asleep in the study. In a vision appeared to him Khwaja Khizar, the God of Learning, offering to convey all the knowledge of the world to him by the simple act of breathing into his ears and mouth. Imam Ghizali's sound sense of self-respect refused, and he asked instead the boon of being provided with oil for his midnight reading. He preferred the longer road

to the short cut, not caring to steal into the backdoor of heaven.

Do not counsel God how to behave ; do not dictate your will to Him, just resign your self unto Him, abandon the little self, renounce spurious desires and thus will you make your body and mind full of light. All true knowledge and education worth the name comes from within, and not from books or extraneous minds. Men of genius, the original workers in the field of investigation, made their discoveries and investigations, only when they were merged in Thought Absolute, far far above yearning or hurrying of any sort, making their mentality and personality free of any tendency to selfishness. They made themselves transparent, the light of knowledge shone through them, they shed light on books, illumined libraries. This is work. By work Rama never means plodding drudgery. Work in Vedanta always means harmonious vibrations with the Real Self and attunement with the universe. This unselfish union with the one Reality, which is the only real work, is oftentimes labelled and branded

as no work or idleness. Even a most laborious undertaking, pursued in the spirit of Vedanta, is found to be all pleasure and play and no drudgery or burden. "Having nothing to do, be always doing" sums up Vedantic teaching. O happy worker, success must seek you, when you cease to seek success.

TO VAYU (BREEZE).

"Naught stirrest around,
Yet hark to that sound,
"Swoo-oo" and Ai-yu !"
Oh, bodiless Vayu !
Pause and come hither
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along ?
Invisible wending,
The heather tops bending,
Before us thou sleepest,
Behind us thou creepest,
By our ears rushing,
O'er our cheeks brushing,

Gliding by gholefully,
Murmuring dolefully,
Dirges of song,
With Swoo-oo and Ai-yu !
Oh ! Bodiless Vayu !
Pause and come hither
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along ?”

FOREST TALKS

No. V

Love

“ I am the origin and end
Of all this changeful universe,
There is, oh mankind, naught beyond ;
For all is strung on Me alone
As are the beads upon the thread.

I am the freshness of the waters,
The splendour of the Sun and the Moon,
The essence of the Holy thought,
The sound of sounds, the man in men,
I am the life of life, oh man !”

“All true devotion’s centred power,
All being’s seed am I, the strength,
The wisdom of the strong and wise,
Lo, those who worship Me in truth,
Fulfilling in their acts my laws ;

Regarding me their aim and end,
Their hearts oh man, dwell then in love,

And I to them will always be a guide
From out the surging flood of wrong and
migratory life."

At whose behest doth work the intellects ?
At whose command does life subsist ?
By whom enlightened grasps the mind ?
And what enlightens ears and eyes ?
The Ear of ear, the Mind of mind,
The Speech of speech, the Life of life,
The Eye of eye, the Self of self
That eats up Pain and Death as rice.

ALL IS LOVE

To know is to love Truth.

What is Truth ? *Tat Twam Asi* or Love
itself.

Step by step this Love manifested itself
through different stages as the force of
affinity, cohesion, gravitation, greed, desire,
ambition, aspiration. In different modes and
degrees of vibrations this Love appeared
being known as Magnetism, Electricity,
light, heat, sound, etc., the most accurate
conception of the material atoms being

as "Centres of forces." Matter itself in the ultimate analysis, resolves itself into concentrated Love. All Law being nothing more than the discovery of unity in diversity, harmony in heterogeneity, union in variety, is itself a phase of Love. In your inquisitive detectives, insidious spies, suspected friends, menacing foes, betraying comrades, there is no other Power at work but Love. No other government rules the world than Love. Carlyle said, "Hatred is inverted love." Fear is only congested love. Else how could love conquer fear? A man with a purse of a thousand pounds in the woods is full of fear only because of the *loved* gold. A free man greets all he meets. A free person enjoys the uniform circulation of love. Love being the only force there is in reality, the realization of identity with Love is *salvation* and redemption and the conscious or unconscious struggle to achieve that absolute Love-Consciousness is *life*, to be willing to follow the line of quickest approach to that goal is *wisdom*, and to that end to rightly adjust the different love-forces is *virtue*.

There is no such thing as betrayal of love nor is any body a traitor. No character is unfaithful. No right have we to limit our ideas as to the possibilities of man on the ground of his being a Jew, Mohammedan, Sudra, or Brahman. Even the sworn slaves of dogmas are bound to be redeemed. God, Truth, must pull you out from the clasp of conventionality and conservatism, even as Krishna drew out the Gopikas from the homes of their so-called husbands.

Man's real Self is nothing but this transcendental Love. You are love. Oh, you are the universal Self. You are the Roseate Dandy that flushes in the blooming cheeks of Laili on the one side and appears at the bleeding heart of Majnoon on the other. To realize and feel this truth in practical life is Purity. But he who begins to seek things and hankers after them as not one with him rends his God-self twain and is thereby impure. Shunning and curling up is not Purity; resisting and avoiding beauty is not Chastity. True Purity is that where all beauty is absorbed in me and I feel and

enjoy my spiritual oneness with all to such an extent that to talk or think of meeting any object, sounds like a painful hint of separation.

“Speak to him, then, for He hears and Spirit to
 Spirit can meet,
 Closer is He than breathing and nearer than
 hand or feet.
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, and the
 plains,
 Are not these, O Soul, the visions of him who
 reigns?”

Tennyson.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear Thee where the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun
And in the setting, Thou art fair.
Far off Thou art and ever nigh
I hear Thee still and I rejoice,
I prosper circled with Thy voice
I shall not lose Thee, though I die.

All that is, is good—God is that which is fit, appropriate, apt. Now the world's movement is nothing else but continuous adaptation. So the world is nothing but a

flow of good. Wherever people's adaptation to the past (conservatism) opposes re-adaptation to the running present, the irresistible marching adaptation (harmony or God) is accompanied by a noisy and dazzling show—Revolution.

We cannot give up anything until we get something else to take its place, and progress must be gradual. Love and attachment are a form of grasping and grabbing from one stand-point, and nothing short of renunciation from another stand-point. Love rises from one object to another. The objects of love keep changing all the time, and in every act of unfoldment or development, it renounces a good many old clings. By slow degrees, there comes at last a time when a person falls (or rather rises) in love with Love itself and the object of love turns out to be the Self of each and all and the lover is tied back or married and re-united to this—his one Self Supreme. After this marriage (that is religion 're,' again 'ligo' unite), the true lover finds the whole universe in his embrace and every object in his clasp. What can such an one

desire ? Can we desire the bride that is already folded in our arms ?

When one realizes his own Self to be the all, he cannot desire, but simply enjoys everything as his. He looks at his work and finds it good. Every object brings him joy ineffable. Every creature pays him tribute from clod to the cloud, from the minutest atom to the mightiest sun, from the lowest crawling vermin to the remotest shining star, all declare his glory, all sing praises, Hallelujah. There is nothing different from such an one.

LET NOT THE WORLD BE TOO MUCH WITH YOU

I see two objects before me, sweet peas and a maiden. The flower is dissected. In the flower is found a force called cohesion, keeping the different particles together, and some other forces like heat, gravity, magnetism, etc. And in the maiden all the imaginable wonders are suppressed, especially in that part of her body called the head. Herein I find all space and all time including

and embracing the whole universe. The whole world is contained in a single ball called the head. This universe is present in the head as a mere idea, the whole world is a mere idea in the head. If it were not for the passing of this idea of the world from one head to another, like the throwing of a ball from one to another, the world would have been no world. This hypnotic sleep or idea of the world we pass on or fling from generation to generation, and from country to country, and this is the whole world, your world, your idea, your doing. Let not this ball be too much with you. It is your own head-ball or foot-ball.

Renunciation alone leads to immortality—
And practical renunciation means throwing off and casting overboard all anxiety, fear, worry, hurry, trouble of mind by continually keeping before your mental vision the *ball-ness of the world and all-ness* of your Real Self. You have no duties to discharge, you are bound to none, you are responsible to nobody, you have no debit to pay. Assert your individuality against all society and all

nations and every thing. That is Vedanta. Society, customs and convention, laws, rules, regulations, criticisms, reviews, they can never touch your Real Self. Even a tiny slender column of water can match and balance the pressure of the whole sea, says Hydrostatics. O individual infinity, dare to stand on your own feet, and you can hold back the weight of the universe. Feel that. Throwing off fear, renounce anxiety, dispel the limited vulnerable ego. Giving this sense to Om, chant it.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

FOREST TALKS

No. VI

Rest

The multifold demands of life and the different claims on your physical and mental powers are likely to keep you all the time strained and in tension. If these outside circumstances be allowed to keep you always on the rack, you are digging an early grave for yourself.

How to avoid it? Rama does not recommend the shirking of work or the giving up of daily pursuits, but recommends to cultivate a habit which will keep you ever in rest inspite of strenuous, onerous, and trying tasks. This advice is no other than Vedantic renunciation. You have to keep yourself all the time upon the rock of renunciation; and taking your stand firmly upon the vantage ground, giving yourself up entirely to any

work that presents itself, you will not be tired, you will be equal to any duty.

To explain further. While at work, between whilcs, devote spare interval of a moment or so to the thought that there is but one reality, God, thy Self ; and that as to the body etc, you never had anything to do with it. You are simply a witness, you have nothing to do with the consequences or the result. Thus contemplating you may close your eyes, relax your muscles, and lay the body perfectly at ease, unburdening yourself of all thought. The more you succeed in taking off the burden of thought from your shoulders, the stronger you will feel.

Nerves keep up the vitality in the body, and thought is also sustained by the nervous system. The digestive process, the circulation of the blood, the growth of the hair, etc., depend ultimately upon the nervous action. If your thought is distributed and you are hurried and worried by all sorts of ideas, that means too much burden upon the nerves. This action of the nerves in the shape of strenuous thought-exertion may be a gain on

one side but it is a decided loss on the other. Through restless thought and worry the vital functions of the body suffer. If you want to keep up your vitality, to preserve your health, the weight of life to be borne easily by the horse of nervous system, you ought to make the burden of egoistic thoughts lighter. Let not anxious thoughts and worrying ideas suck the sap of your life. The secret of perfect health and vigorous activity lies in keeping your mind always buoyant and cheerful, never worried, never hurried, never borne down by any fear, thought or anxiety.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious but to *love* industry.

MOST IMPORTANT ADVICE

My cup is the hemisphere of heavens and the sparkling light my wine.

Think it not that it is your duty to get clothes, or to win anybody's love, to make

anybody happy, or to achieve this worldly aim or that. Discard all these aims and objects, make it your profession, your business, your trade, occupation, vocation, the aim and object of life to keep your own self always peaceful and happy, independent of all surrounding circumstances, irrespective of gain and loss. Your highest duty in the world laid upon your shoulders by God (your religious duty) is to keep yourself joyful. Your social duty, the demand of neighbours, is to keep yourself well pleased, peaceful; the duty having the greatest claim on you from domestic relations, is to keep yourself cheerful; and your duty to yourself demands of you again to keep yourself happy in all states. Be true to yourself and never mind anything else in the world. All other things are bound to bow down to you, yet what does it matter to you whether they bow down or not, you are happy by yourself. To be dejected and gloomy, is a religious, social, political, and domestic crime; and this is the only crime you can commit, this is the only crime which is at the root of all other crimes, falls,

and sins. Be full of serenity and dispassionate tranquility, and you will find that all your surroundings and environments will of course and of force adjust themselves aright. It is not your duty to worry or hurry about any business. Your only occupation or duty is to keep yourself self-contained, self-poised and self-pleased. No duty upon us, no burden upon our shoulders. You have no responsibility to anybody but to yourself. You are a heinous criminal to yourself if you violate this most sacred law of Cheerfulness and Peace. Let other people, when they get up early in the morning, think that they have duties before them as to rub and scrub the rooms, to go to the office, or to do washing or cooking or reading and writing or this and that ; but when you get up early in the morning, address to yourself always in Supreme happiness. The only duty you have to do is this. This does not mean that you have to shirk other work or neglect other household employments. These things you may feel as secondary matters of play and these things you will have to do because your

spiritual health will demand of you to be doing something. But while doing anything, remember that the so-called material work in hand is quite immaterial. The really bounden duty for you, is to keep yourself self-pleased. Students, listen, if you hang your joy on the future results of examinations, being content now to oscillate and vacillate the gloom of suspense "you will never be, but always *to be* blessed." Like comes to the like. Have joy of God in you—right now and the joy of success must gravitate towards you. That is the law.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone ;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own :
Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh ! it is lost in the air :
The echoes do bound a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve and they turn and go ;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad and your friends are many,
 Be sad and you lose them all.
 There is none to decline your nectared wine,
 But alone you must drink life's gall.
 Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
 Fast, and the world goes by ;
 Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
 But no one can help you die.
 There is room in the halls of pleasure
 For a long and lordly train,
 But one by one we must all file on
 Through the narrow aisles of pain."
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

" Happiness is the only good.
 The time to be happy is now.
 The place to happ is here.
 The way to be happy is to make others so.

SUMMING UP

Rama brings to your special attention two important points :—

- 1.—Denial of little self.
- 2.—Positive assertion of Real Self.

First—Denial, according to Vedanta, is perfect relaxation, relief, rest, renuncciation. Whenever you can spare time, just throw down your body on the chair or betstead ns

if you never carried that burden or weight and you had nothing to do with it and it were quite as much a stranger to you as any piece of rock. Let the body lie down for a while stretched like a dead carcase, altogether unsupported by your strained will or thought. Let the mind be relaxed of all care and anxiety for the body or anything. Give up and deny all desire, ambition or expectation. This is denial or relaxation. Let your property rest on the ground and not weigh down your heart.

Second—*Godhead*. Make God's will your own. Defend His purpose as if it were your purpose whether for weal or for woe ; feel yourself above the body and its environments, above the mind and its motives, above the world and its opinions. Feel yourself to be the all-pervading Supreme, the Sun of suns ; above causation, above phenomena ; and one with the all Bliss, the free Rama. Chant OM and sing OM in any tune or tunes that naturally and spontaneously occur to you. Thus will all causes of complaints and maladies leave your presence of themselves.

The world and your surrounings are exactly what you think them to be. Let not the world lay heavy upon your heart. Every day and night meditate upon the truth that all the opinions and society of the world is simply your own idea and that you are the real power whose breath or mere shadow the whole world is. The reason why you do not attain to the height of health, is that you are more courteous and polite to the fickle, unsettled, hazy judgement of others than to your own nearest neighbour, the Real Self Supreme. Live on your own account, not for the opinions of others. Be free. Try to please the one Lord, the Self. The One without a second, the real husband, owner, master, your own inner God. You will not in any case be able to satisfy the many, the public, the majority, and you are under no obligations to satisfy the hydra-headed mob. You are your own architect. Sing to yourself as if you were all alone and no listeners were by. When your own Self is pleased, the public must be satisfied. That is the Law.

Whoever dwells among thoughts dwells in the reign of delusion and disease—and though he appears wise and learned, yet his wisdom and learning, are as hollow as a piece of timber eaten out by white ants. Therefore though thought should gird you about, you need not be tied to it, as a man takes off his coat when hot; and a skilful workman lays down his tool when done with.

“While at work your thought is to be absolutely concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever irrelevant to the matter in hand—rounding away like a great engine with giant power and perfect economy—no wear and tear of friction or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time.

Then, when the work is finished and there is no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally absolutely—stop entirely—no worrying—as if a parcel of boys were allowed to play their devilments with a locomotive as soon as it was in the shed—and the man must retire into that

reign of the consciousness where his true Self dwells."

OM !

" O my sons ! O too dutiful
Towards God not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful ?
Was is hard to be free ?
For, behold, I am with you, am in you,
And if yuu look forth now and see,
I bid you but be ;
I have need not of prayer ;
I have need of you free ..
As your mouths of mine air ;
That my heart may be greater within me
Beholding the fruits of me fair
I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light ;
But the morning of manhood is risen
And the shadowless soul is in sight.
The tree many rooted
That swells to the sky
With frontage red-fruited
The Life-tree am I ;

In the buds of your lives is
The sap of my leaves. Ye shall live and not die
But the Gods of your fashion.

That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourage and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the dark
That falls off ; they shall die and not live.

FOREST TALKS

No. VII

Married Life

JUST AS THE SPECTACLES ARE

Through the spectacles we see everything, but they are no burden to the eyes. Instead of obstructing the vision, they aid it. Instead of being a screen between our eyes and other objects, they are the elucidator of these objects. So should the relation be between husband and wife. Instead of the one being a hindrance, shut up as it were by the other, each is to see the whole universe through the other. This can only be done if the union be spiritual and on the Vedantic understanding, and on no other conditions, where both of them see the soul and spirit and Atman, rising above the personality,

personal regards and surroundings, manners and customs, passions and habits.

As the breath is so close to us but we never feel it, so should the married life be in perfect understanding. No burden ! one is not to hang heavy upon the heart of the other. Both free ! With either party the thought of the second party is not to be a kind of drawback. At present in the case of married people, the thought of the wife is a hindrance to the spiritual progress of the man. The thought of the husband is a great obstacle and burden upon the woman.

In india, men and women throw antimony in their eyes. That is used to strengthen the vision ; it remains in the eyes, but it does not obstruct the vision. The very moment it makes itself felt, there is something wrong with it. Just so when you feel the stomach, there is something wrong with it, That is the law.

There was a question put to Ram by the former wife of Rama, "Do you remember me ?" Rama said "No, Rama never remembers." Remembrance comes in the

case of a person who is different from you. Do you remember your eyes, your nose, your hands? Never. They are one with you. When one party becomes one with the other, being one and the same and identical, he cannot remember. These things must be made clear.

When we receive a letter from a friend, we like the letter, we make much of it. We love the letter because of the friend. So should the husband and wife be a kind of letter from God. The body of the husband should be a kind of letter or picture from God. So she may love his body and respect his body, but after all, this body should simply be a letter, a picture, a something which is not the thing in itself. Thus she sees God through him. A symbol of Divinity, a picture of God, let the husband become. If at night the bodies meet, then in the day time the woman is to make spiritual union. If simultaneously with the bodily union at night, the spiritual union is not felt, then in the day time she is to fill up the gap. With every embrace is to be associated the thought that she is accepting Divinity. Oh Light,

come to me. I embrace Light. You might call it Happiness ; you might call it perfect purity or union with the whole Universe. Oh Divinity, Wisdom, come to me, I accept you. Thus everything should be made a symbol of Divinity. If it was not felt at night, it can be supplied in the day time. You may simply feel that oneness and marriage. To embrace Divinity, Divinity, Divinity. To feel the whole universe as one's body. To be the all, the all, the all. This idea is to be constantly kept in mind. Whereas on the one hand Vedanta requests you to dispense with all thought of bodily union, and never let the one body be a burden upon the other, on the other hand it requests you to be continually at one with the real Spirit. All the time you meditate on the thought that Divinity, power, harmony, perfect divine love, universal harmony are in me. I am That, That am I. He is Me and I am He. Then you have to see the real Self, whom you married, your own Self in the plants, in the trees, in the river, in everything that am I.

FOREST TALKS.

No. VIII.

The snares of 99.

They say, "Don't fall into the snares of 99." What does that mean?

A man with his wife used to live very happily in their small hut. Very happy they were.

He used to work all day long and get a pittance to make the two ends meet. He had no other worldly ambition, no other desire, no feeling of envy or hatred, a good honest worker he was. He had a neighbour who was a very wealthy man. This wealthy man was always immersed in anxiety, he was never happy. A Vedantin monk once visited the houses of the rich man and his poor neighbour, and told the rich man that the

cause of his worry and anxiety was his possessions. His possessions possessed him and kept him down ; his mind was wandering from this object to that. The monk pointing to the poor neighbour said, "Look at him, he owns nothing, but on his face you find the bloom of happiness, and you find his muscles so strong and his arms so well built. He goes about in such a happy, cheerful, jolly mood, humming tunes of joy." This happiness the rich man could never enjoy. He had his property fashioned and moulded in the way other people liked it. Then the rich man wanted to test the truth of the monk's remarks. According to the advice of the monk, the rich man stealthily threw into the house of the poor man \$ 99. The next day they saw that no fire was lit in the house of the poor man. In the house of the poor man there used to be a good fire and they used to cook certain things, purchased with the money, earned by dint of the poor man's labour. That night they found no fire in the house, they did not cook anything, they starved that night. The

next morning the monk taking the rich man with him, went to the poor man and enquired as to the cause of his not lighting fire in his house. The poor man could make no excuse in the presence of the monk, he had to tell the truth. He said that before that he used to earn a few cents and with those few cents they used to purchase some flour and vegetables, and cook and eat them, but on that day when they lit no fire they received a little box containing \$ 99. When they saw the \$ 99, the idea came into their minds that there was only one dollar wanting to make it full \$ 100. Now in order to make up that \$ 1, they found that they might forego food on alternate days, and thus they might scrape up some cents and in a week or so would save up \$ 1 and thus they would have \$ 100. Hence they were to starve. This is the secret of the niggardliness of the rich people. The more they get, the poorer they become. When they get \$ 99, they want more if they have \$ 99,000, they want \$ 1,00,000.

. HE HAS AN AXE TO GRIND

Benjamin Franklin in his Autobiography relates an experience of his boyhood. When he was a boy, he was going to school in Philadelphia, and one day on his way to school he happened to see a blacksmith at work. In those days, the machinery was not in such a high state of development as it is to-day. The blacksmith was working in his shop. Just like a curious boy, Benjamin stopped at the shop and was looking at the man at work. Children lose themselves in any thought that comes up before them. He had a satchel in his hand and he was just going to school, but he forgot all about his school to enjoy the sight of the working blacksmith. The blacksmith noticed the interest of the boy. He was sharpening his tools and knives. The assistant of the blacksmith having gone on an errand, was absent. On seeing the little boy taking so much interest in the work, he asked him to come upto him. Benjamin moved up and the blacksmith said, "What a nice boy, what a fine boy, how intelligent you are !" Benjamin was puffed up and felt

flattered, and when he noticed the beaming smiles on the face of Benjamin, he asked him if he would take the trouble to help him in turning the grindstone. Benjamin immediately began to do that work. Children are naturally very active and they want to do something which will keep their muscles employed. You can send them to the other end of the world if you can tickle their humour. While Benjamin was working at the grindstone, the blacksmith went on humouring and flattering him. The boy went on doing the work. In the meantime, he whetted a number of knives and axes. By that time the little boy felt fatigued and he remembered his school time and recitation hours, and wanted to leave the shop. But there was that man upon him with his flattery and humouring spirit saying, "Oh good boy, I know you are never punished in school, you are so fine, so smart. What the other boys take three hours to accomplish, you can do in one hour. The school master never gets angry with you, you are so good." One by one the swords were whetted and

when one was half done, Benjamin wanted to leave, but he could not. The recitation hours commenced at 10 and he was released at 12. He went to school and was flogged for being late. He was tired and his arms were sore. For a week he had to suffer the consequences. He could not prepare his lessons. Ever afterwards when any one flattered him, the thought came to his mind, "He has an axe to grind." After this event never was Benjamin Franklin entrapped in the snares of flattery.

FOREST TALKS

No. IX

Hoarding of Wealth

A monk had some copper cents and was about to give them away to some boys. Many poor people came to him to get them, but he would not give them. Finally, there came before the monk a king seated on an elephant. The monk threw the copper pieces into the howdah on the top of the elephant where the king was seated. The king was astonished at this unexpected act of the monk. The monk said the money was for him, the poorest man. The king enquired how he could be the poorest man. The monk said he was the poorest man, because of his possessions and of his continual hunger and thirst for more kingdoms. Hence he was the poorest man.

A man was collecting heaps of money in

a box. A monk passed by. On being invited to the house of this rich man who was hoarding the money in large boxes and steel chests, the monk asked the reason of this act. The wealthy man said, "Sir, what do you care, you are fed by the public, and even if they do not feed you, you do not care a straw for your body, but for us it is necessary to lay by some money, so that it may be of use to us at the right time." The monk was silent. The next day the wealthy man had to go and see the monk in the rotten cottage where he lived. When the wealthy man came to the cottage of the monk, he found that the monk had with great labour dug a big pit and in that pit he was throwing beautiful, round stones, heaping stones upon stones in that pit, and had been labouring all day long in that manner. When the rich man came up, he said, "Swami, Swami, what are you doing here?" The monk said, "I am collecting these beautiful pieces of stone, don't you see how round they are?" The wealthy man smiled and said, "Why are you collecting them? Here is a whole

mountain full of these stones. What is the use of collecting them?" The monk said, "I preserve them for the time of need. I may require them sometime and it may be that all these mountains will be washed off the surface of the earth, so I will collect them and store them away." The wealthy man answered, 'How is that possible? How can the stones be washed away from the earth?' Then the monk jumped upon the wealthy man and said, "You taught me this lesson. O fool, there never will come a time when your food will not be laid before you by God—What is the use of just wasting your energy and lavishing your precious time in this laying by of gold and silver? Learn a lesson from me. Life is not for this waste for this spendthrift purpose. It is not to be wasted in such petty, sordid cares and anxieties."

FOREST TALKS

No. X

Querries about God

Once upon a time a Qazi or Governor happened to come to a certain Emperor, under the Mohammedan rule. The Emperor, who honoured the Qazi so much because of his religious pretentions, wanted to examine his capabilities. He was no scholar himself, but the following questions which he was going to put to the Qazi, were suggested to him by somebody else who wanted to get the Governorship. This Qazi came before the Emperor and he was asked: "In which direction does God keep his face, where does God sit, what does He eat, what does He do?" The king told him if he could answer the questions to the king's satisfaction, he would be promoted. The Qazi thought that the questions coming from the king must be very

difficult. He knew how to humour and flatter the king by praising him, and then asked him for an interval of eight days to answer these questions.

For eight days the Qazi went on thinking and thinking, but could come to no conclusion. How could he answer to the king's satisfaction ! Finally the eighth day came, but the answers to the questions did not come to the Qazi. He then pretended to be sick in order to gain time. The Qazi's servant (Pajee) approached him and wanted to know what the matter was. He said, "Off with you, don't bother me, I am about to die." The servant said, "Please let me know what the matter is. I will die rather than you should be subjected to any pain." The difficulty was then explained to him. This servant occupied a very lowly position, one that was not considered at all respectable, that of slacking lime or mortar. But in reality he was a pupil of the Qazi and a learned man. He knew the answers to the questions and he said he would go and answer them, and the Qazi should write on a

piece of paper ordering him to go, and if his answers were not to the satisfaction of the king, he would die and not his master. The Qazi hesitated to do this, but just at this moment a messenger of the king approached him, and he trembled and trembled. So he told the servant to go. He put on his best clothes which consisted of mere rags. He was a Vedantic Brother. In India, the kings always go to the Swamis and learn a great deal of wisdom and knowledge. This servant (Pajee) fearlessly approached the king and said, "Sir, what do you want? What do you wish to ask?" The king said, "Could you answer the questions given to your master?" The Pajee said, "I will answer them, but you know he who answers them is a teacher, and he who asks them is the pupil. We expect you to be a true Mohammedan and confirm to the laws of the sacred Scriptures. According to the law, I must have the seat of honour and you must sit lower down than myself." So the king gave him some beautiful clothes to put on and he sat on the king's throne; and the king sat down on the steps.

But the king said, "There is one thing more, if your answers are not satisfactory to me, I will kill you." The Pajee said, "Of course, that was understood."

Now the first question which was put was "Where does God sit?" If he answered it literally, the king would not have understood it, so he said, "Bring a cow." A cow was brought. He said, "Does the cow have any milk?" The king said, "Yes, of course." "Where does the milk sit?" In the udder" answered the king. "That is wrong," said the Pajee, "The milk pervades the whole cow. Let the cow go." Then some milk was brought. "Where is the butter? Is the butter present in the milk?" They said, "It is." "But where is it," said the Pajee, "let me know." They could not tell. Then he said, "If you cannot tell where the butter sits, still you have to believe it is there, in fact, the butter is everywhere." Similarly, God is everywhere throughout the whole universe. Just as the butter is everywhere present in the milk, the milk is everywhere present in the cow. In order to get the milk, you have

to milk the cow, so in order to get God you have to milk your own heart. The Pajee said, "Are you answered, O king," and the king said, "Yes, that is right." Now all those people, who said God was living the seventh or eighth heaven, fell in the estimation of the king. They were nothing to him their position was not correct.

Then came the next question "In which direction does God look—to the East, West, North, or South?" This was also very queer, but these people looked upon God as a personality. He said, "All right, bring a light." A candle was brought and lit. He showed them that the candle did not face the North, South, East or West, but was everywhere equal. The king was satisfied. Similarly, God is the candle in your heart which faces in all directions.

Now came the question, "What does God do?" He said, "All right," and told the king to go and bring the Qazi. When his master came, he was astonished to find the servant seated on the king's throne. Then he told the Qazi to sit at the place that

the Pajee was to occupy, and the king to sit in the Qazi's place, and he himself on the king's throne. "This," he said, "is the way—God does constantly keep things moving. Changing the Pajee into king, the king into Qazi, and Qazi into Pajee." This is what is being continually done in the world, one family rising into ascendancy, then becoming unknown and another taking its place. For a time one man is highly honoured, then another takes his place, and so on, day after day and year after year. And so on in this world change is going on all the time. From that day the Pajee was made a Qazi.

FOREST TALKS

No. XI

Never be disturbed

The following story was told by the clerk, a slender, tall young man, one of the travellers in Canterbury Tales, whose turn it was to entertain his listeners.

In a certain country, there was a very noble scholarly, and majestic prince who had just inherited a throne. Years and years passed on, yet he did not marry. The people were very anxious that he should marry, as they wished for an heir to the throne. They persistently urged him to choose a wife and he finally consented to do so, providing they would allow him to make his own selection. You know, in that country no freedom was allowed to any one, even in the matter of love and marriage. They were bound by custom. He wanted to marry

according to his own wishes. His subjects, thinking if they did not consent to his will he would remain a bachelor all his days, thought it advisable to let him make his choice. He ordered his courtiers and officers to make preparations for a great wedding festival. Everything was prepared in a most royal and magnificent style. With great eclat on the appointed day the army was ready. Everyone was arrayed in his most gorgeous clothes and drove in the best carriages and victorias. The king rode in the middle, one half of the army on one side and the other half on the other. They went on according to the king's orders, not following any particular road. They went through very deep, dense forests. They said among themselves, "What is the king going to do, is he going to marry a lake, or stock and stones?" They were astonished. They went on and finally came to a place in the forests where there was a small hut, and near that hut was a beautiful, clear, crystal lake. On the banks of the lake they found beautiful, magnificent, natural orchards, and

from the branches of one of the trees there hung a hammock or trapeze, on which an old man was lying. They said, "Is he going to marry that old man?" One half of the army passed on and when the king's elephant reached that place, the king ordered halt. Immediately there appeared on the scene a beautiful, fair, lovely maiden who was gently swinging the hammock on which her father was lying.

The king, before he came to the throne, had been to that forest many times. He had watched the girl and always found her most dutiful; she cared for her father most faithfully, brought water and bathed him and fed him. She did all sorts of rubbing and scrubbing work. But while doing this work she was always happy bright, merry and cheerful as a carolling robbin. This happy disposition of the girl impressed itself on the king and he vowed to marry her if he ever married. The girl gazed in amazement at all this grand array, little thinking that the man, who rode on horseback by their door many times before, was this king.

She asked her father what this magnificent spectacle meant. Her father told her that it was a bridegroom going to a distant country for a princess to be his wife. Now the king alighted from his elephant, went up to the old man and fell at his feet as is the Oriental custom. The old man said to him, "My son, what do you want?" The face of the king brightened. He said, "I want you to make me your son-in-law." The old man's heart leaped with joy. His ecstasy knew no bounds. He said, "You are mistaken, king, you are mistaken. How could you wish to marry the daughter of a poor mendicant? We are poor, very poor." The king said he loved no one as much as this lovely girl. The father said if such was the case then she was his. This parent was a Vedantic monk and he had imparted his knowledge to his daughter. He now told the king that he had no dowry to give his child, the only thing he could give was his blessing. The king then presented his bride with all sorts of beautiful clothes which he requested her to put on. She accordingly did so. But

the girl did not go to the king empty handed. She had a dowry. What was it? Into one of the caskets the king gave her, in which was to be kept jewels, she put in her dress of rags which she wore while living with her father. Now the old man was left alone, one servant was left at his disposal. He wanted nothing else from the king.

The king took his bride to the palace. At first his courtiers did not like her as she was low born. These noblemen and aristocrats wished the king to marry their daughters or nieces, and here they were all superseded by this low girl. They were very jealous of her. How could they pay homage to this low-born girl? But the new queen by her sweet temper, gentle ways, and lovely manners charmed them all. By and by they all began to love her very dearly. She was always calm and tranquil, never disturbed or ruffled about anything, no matter what the circumstances might be. After a year or so a daughter was born to the queen. A beautiful baby girl. How happy were the king and queen! When the child was three or four

years old, the king came to the queen and told her that there was going to be a revolt in the kingdom, a mutiny-which was most undesirable. The queen inquired the reason of such a condition of affairs. Her husband replied that the officers and ministers were jealous when he married her, and now they could not bear the idea of this girl inheriting the throne, being low-born on her mother's side. They wanted blue blood and wanted their king to adopt the child of one of the prime ministers. But the king said that if they did so, when the girl grew up in all probability, there would be an antipathy between them. So in order to obviate that result, he had been meditating and meditating and had finally arrived at the conclusion that the best thing to be done was to have the girl killed. Then Griselda, which was the name of the queen, made this most characteristic answer to the king. This answer typifies her conduct and duty towards the king. She said, "You know from the day I came, I had no desire of my own to enjoy this throne with you. I have made my will

and desire entirely yours. My individuality and personality is merged in yours and it is kept up only so far as it may be of service to you and not to obstruct your purpose. If it is your will that the daughter be taken away, let her be taken away. I have never called the daughter mine in my heart of hearts." The daughter was taken away at the dead of night and after a few hours the king returned and said the child had been given away to the executioners to be slaughtered. The queen was collected, calm, quiet, and cheerful as if nothing had happened. This is Vedanta. Never be disturbed by any outward circumstances.

The king now said that everyone would be pleased. After a year or so, there was a little boy born. This child was loved by everyone. The boy grew up to the age of five or six years, then again there was an uproar. The king said that as circumstances are at present, it is advisable to kill this child also. If the child remains, there will be a great civil war ; so to preserve the national peace the child ought to be killed. The

queen was again smiling and cheerful, and said, "My Real Self is the whole nation, I have nothing personal, I am like the sun, I give away. Like the sun we do not receive, we should give away. When we have no clings and are not attached to anything, what can happen that will mar our happiness? The sun goes on giving away all the time, but still constantly shining. That boy was also taken away."

After a few years the third child was born, and when about three or four years of age, was taken away in the same way.

Now, how did the queen keep up her spirits? Since the day she came to the palace, she would retire into a solitary chamber wherein she had preserved her old rags. That was her solitary chamber, and there stripping herself of all her beautiful clothes she used to put on those old rags, and in this simple dress she would realize That I am. And in the mendicant's dress she would feel and realize her Divinity. Shakespeare says, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." She knew in her heart of

hearts that she was the woman carolling and singing on the banks of the lake. Here she was confined in the palace of the king and bereaved of her freedom and liberty, but she did not make herself miserable she did not allow herself to get entangled in affairs. She was not attached to this or that ; her Real Self was continually held aloof from the surrounding circumstances. She was continually merged in Divinity. In this way she purified herself by casting aside all attachments and clings, no responsibilities she had, she was bound to nobody, no duties. Thus it is, wherever you are in dumps or in blues, strip yourself of all attachments, connections, desires, wants, and needs. Free you are. In this way the queen always kept herself up during her stay in the king's palace.

One night the king approached her and said that it would not do for them to go on killing their sons and daughters all the time, and he did not like the idea of adopting a child. So after thinking the matter over, he had come to the conclusion that it was

best for him to marry again and thus peace would be restored. The queen consented willingly because she never derived her happiness from the king, her happiness came from her own Self, and not from others. She got all the pleasure from the God within, not from husband, father, and children. The king was amazed at her happiness and asked her what she would like to do. She told him his will was her will. He told her that if she remained, the harmony might be broken, and it was best for her to go away. Immediately the beautiful clothes were taken off and the old rags, the mendicant's dress, put on again, and she left the palace. She was cheerful and happy and went to her father, who was also as happy as ever. The servant of the king, who was left with the old man, was immediately sent back to the king.

One day the king passed the hut with the intention of sympathizing with her, but when he saw her cheerful, smiling countenance, he saw that there was no occasion to do so. He then asked her if she would come and receive the new bride. She willingly

consented. She planned and arranged everything in such a lovely way that the magistrates and their wives were astonished at the beauty of the arrangements. According to the arrangements made, the bride had to come to the king with a great army and a magnificent dowry of gold and jewels. She came with great pomp and glory and was received most royally by Griselda and the other ladies of the king's court at his request. When Griselda saw the new bride, she loved, kissed, and embraced her as if she had been her mother. The ladies with Griselda were astonished at the beauty of the new bride, but were more astonished at the moral beauty of the old queen. The new bride brought with her her two little brothers. According to the custom of that country, the noble ladies and aristocratic chiefs had to enter the palace and enjoy a great feast. Griselda presided over the ceremonies. When the people saw the calm, peaceful, placid manners of their former queen, their hearts relented and tears came into their eyes. She was to leave and retire to the

hut of her father after the ceremonies. But as they went on eating, all their feelings of sorrow for the queen soon vanished and they forgot all about her. But when she was bidding them good-bye and telling the king if he ever needed her again not to hesitate to call on her, the hearts of the gentle ladies relented and they burst into tears. They repented of their hard-heartedness. They said, "You are not the daughter of a mendicant, you are the daughter of God." Then they told how this queen had permitted her children to be murdered in order to preserve the peace of the country, and the new queen also began to weep. She said, "Your daughter and your sons were murdered and I have come here wading through a stream of blood." Then they began to rebuke the king. All were present, the new bride and the queen who was about to depart. The king then rose up and said, "O officers, magistrates, and noble ladies, you are all weeping and crying with the exception of Griselda alone. I am also weeping with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain. I do

not blame you O people, ye are my children ; my eyes are filed with tears, but they are not tears of sorrow, but tears of joy and gladness. Let your tears be also tears of joy." Then turning to Griselda he said, "Be of good cheer and happy, happy you are alone in the whole kingdom." Now it seems that the new bride was the daughter of the king of the adjoining country, but she was his daughter by adoption only, and also her little brothers. These children as orphans fell in the way of that king, and he on account of their beauty loved them and reared them as his own. These three children were the children of the king and Griselda, as the executioners, to whom they were given to be killed, did not have the heart to do the deed and took them to this country. Now all these things were explained to the people. And when the king of this adjoining country saw these beautiful children in the hands of those dark coloured executioners, he thought they must be children of some king and he reared them as his own. Of course the king could not marry

his own daughter, so to the happiness of all, Griselda remained the queen and her children inherited the throne. So you see, God is always very grateful. He pays His debts with interest.

Let such be the royal resignation of things in Love by every married woman. In India such are called *Pativrata* and *Patnivrata*, which means that woman is to live in her husband and her husband is to live in his wife. The woman is to see God in her husband. She is to give away her body and mind to her husband, and her husband is to give himself to God in her. There is nothing personal, nothing selfish. A marriage ceremony in India always takes place by the river side in the open air. A lovely breeze blowing and the sun over head. Here you see the idea is that the woman is to take up the hand of the man and the man taking up her hand, is giving both to God. Just as Griselda had no attachment, women have to give themselves up to God, Atman.

Let men do the same. Married life

cannot but be happy if the husband were to be lost in his wife and the wife were to be lost in the husband. It is the identity of personal life that makes Love and Life really enjoyable.

FOREST TALKS

No. XII

Pranayama and Will Power

RAMA LOST IN ECSTASY !!

The real Self does not incarnate, only the subtle self does ; the real God is above incarnations. The Universe is my body, all air is my breath, trees are my hair, rivers are my veins, mountains are my bones !

In some places long twilight exists, in others the Sun jumps upon the horizon. You may linger in intermediate places or fly, that depends entirely upon your will, which choice you make. Desires are energy—energy of light, heat, electricity, sound, different manifestations. Matter is proved to be a form of Energy. Leibnitz considers atoms centres of force, solid matter is also my will. Ice is water, water also is water, form I am, I am also dweller in form. You are everything. Wake up to that consciousness. The Philosophy of Yoga must seek you, everything comes to you.

People are much misled by the spinal column, they lose the main track, go inside the alleys. If you place figure 8, one over another, there are holes in continual column which form two canals. Books lay stress on opening these canals. To a man who had worked and read for twelve years to effect this, Rama told the secret. Just as he came to-day, he said that he had during this short time achieved all, and was nearer the goal than ever. People lead themselves astray who dwell on such things as the opening of *Sushmana*. The food gets into the stomach, unites with the oxygen, works its way through the body, gains gastric juice, travels through the alimentary canal, it is not necessary to understand the transformations. As the food takes care of itself, so when a man desires Realization, "Raja Yoga" does you no good. Exert yourself in the right way it will surely be opened unto you. Control breath, waste not your time upon meaningless things, processes do you no good, the control of *Prana* is not to control the mind; based upon these lines no man can concentrate his mind, suspended

breath can have no control over mind ! false Logic. Every Geometrician wants to force the fact upon others that control of *Prana* means control of mind ; control mind, and *Prana* will be controlled.

Rama began the other way, Rama failed to look at the matter in the common way despite admonitions ; he controlled the mind, breath followed. Once he bathed, plunged, sank into a tank. Friends present also bathed, and plunged into water but came out, waited for Rama ; he was not on the list, they thought him drowned, or that the alligator had eaten him up. They were alarmed. Rama came up and amazed them that control of breath could be effected through the Will. Try to realize seated in the essence of the Real Self and become one with God. Breath is a poor, mean servant of yours, you control breath of the Universe. Dehypnotize yourself ; the mother hypnotizes the child when she whispers, " Oh Johnnie," in his ear, " Oh Georgie !" and makes him Johnnie and Georgie through the body.

Wake up Divine consciousness ! Master of

the Universe, the Ruler of spheres! the principal thing is to realize. Sun of suns! Light of lights! the same am I! Why are you man, woman, beggar or king or poor wretch? You have felt it yourself and you are it. Feel yourself God and you will be God. A house takes long to build only a short time to raze. You have taken a long time to create your dungeon, raze it! God of gods ye are! Raise yourself up into the true Self! Throw yourself into the Light of lights! See whole worlds spread out before you! While the rising Sun is below the horizon, a suitable time in India, the view elevates, once there you can mount into delectable mountains. Just as we strike a pencil for first rise, when risen we give a sharp blow, and throw it away into the atmosphere, raise it and make it fly; so raise the mind in that way into the atmosphere, after which it is easy for it to run along until it is God in the highest heaven. The impulse given through bird's songs, breezes' blowing, streams' murmuring, let it soar, chant OM, sing in the language of feeling. Look at the first Sun as

at a looking-glass, in no state of dualism. The highest is my own Self. I am He. Indian women wear small looking-glasses on their thumbs and looking into them, do not see the glass but their own faces outside themselves, but realize, it is their own faces although seeing it outside; so does the Vedantin realize that the Sun is his own Self. I am the Sun of sons! My only shadow is that sun! The meaning of OM I am, language, lips. feeling, action say so.

"Child, come along!" No force in your words; when another child who has been absent and whom you have been longing to see comes, you say. "Oh, come child, come!" Speaking through every nerve, every hair, you fly to him, cling to him, clasp him, this is the language of the feeling. Chant OM with every fibre of your body. Begin with little force; sound first comes from throat, then chest, lower and lower down until from base of spine; then electric shock, opening of *Sushmana*, your breathing becomes rythmical, all germs of disease leave you. A Vedantin looks on the Sun as related to

himself in the same way as is the Moon to the Sun. She appears to shine by herself, but all lustre comes from the Sun. So the Sun appears to shine from his own grandeur, but that grandeur comes from Me.

In dreams you see various things, say an electric globe. Without Light you can see nothing. in dreams there is no light to show objects. What is that light which shows you electric globe or diamond? It is the light of Atman, your own Self. The grandeur of the sun in your dreams, is your own light. The glory of the Sun is seen through my glory! so does the Vedantin feel. The Sun in the material world is the emblem of Light, Knowledge; thus by looking at the Sun, I feel I am the Light of Knowledge. The Sun is the symbol of Power, makes planets revolve, gives Life to all.

Here is another way of realising OM.

A stands for Existence, Life.

U stands for Light, Knowledge.

M stands for Bliss, Happiness.

OM has symbol in hieroglyphics in the Sun, written in characters of gold. Like a

written word, OM and this Sun, material symbol, is an image of Me.

The Sun is a symbol of beauty, attracts all planets, so dazzling ! so splendid ! represents Bliss. Realize, I am Reality, Truth, Glory ! All attributes are mine ! are me ! are I !

Existence, Knowledge, Bliss. A little material twisted image of Me is the sun ! I do not worship OM. OM worship Me ! I am the Sun before whom all planets and all bodies, heavenly as well as human, revolve. Immutable, eternal ! Before Me does the whole universe turn round and round to show Me all her parts and sides ; to lay open to Me all her beauty, the Sun shines for my sake before Me.

The heart of Christ,
The brain of Shakespeare,
The mind of Plato.

All feel upon my glory, drink of my sunshine. The presence of the Sun makes men think that the muscles move thereby ; it is my Gold-like presence that brings all this to pass.

Live in me, the Sun of suns, Light of lights am I ! From the ocean of my presence all ripples come, I am the monarch of monarchs ! as all the kings, as all the flowers ! I smile in the sunbeams. I make muscles of warriors move ! Everywherc my Will is being done ! My Kingdom and Glory administer daily bread to every being ! and make the Earth revolve. Evil thoughts, worldly desires have no right to appear in my presence.

In the holy presence of myself, little desires have no right to intrude ; anger, passion, etc. are things of darkness ! I permeate all, lowest and highest. I am Spectator, Showman, Performer. In Jesus am I ! in the most ignominious am I ! the All ! Whatever is the object of your desire, I am. I roll in thunder and in surging seas of Franklin. Newton, Calvin, hearts of prophets I am,—Fountain Head,—also of gardens and landscapes ! With this emotion put forth all this meaning to Om—the process is simple ; chant it, live it, walk it as Gods. It shows want of Self-respect to bow

down to any desires that are not great. Walk in your grand glory and dignity. If distracted by worldly desires, you are not singing OM. .

About opening *Sushmana*, about the thousand petalled Lotus, waste not your time ; all will come to you. You will glean marvellous results. Be above fear, anxiety, or uneasiness. You will see all knowledge. The world will come to you of itself. Every object will pay allegiance to you. Do not confuse yourself with meandering zigzag paths, you will have to repent.

LETTERS
FROM
SWAMI RAMA

LETTERS FROM THE HIMALAYAS

(A) HIMALAYAN SCENES

No. I

Gangotri

September, 1901

The holy Ganges could not bear Rama's separation. She succeeded at last in drawing him to herself after a little more than a month's absence. Notwithstanding all her Jnana (ज्ञान, culture), she began to rain sweet tears of joy on meeting him. Who can describe the nascent beauty and playful freaks of the dear Ganges at Gangotri? Very praiseworthy is the upright character of her playmates, viz, the white mountains and innocent Deodar trees. The latter in their tall stature vie with the Persian poet's lady love, while their balmy breath invigorates, exhilarates and elevates.

Here how well can one see that "God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves about in the animal, and wakes up to consciousness in man."

Pilgrims, after leaving Jamnotri, usually reach Gangotri in not less than ten days.

In three days, after leaving Jamnotri, did Rama arrive at Gangotri. He came by a route as yet untrod by an inhabitant of the plains. This route is called the Chhayan Route by mountaineers. Three successive nights were passed in lonely forest caves. We came across no hamlet or hut. No biped was visible throughout the journey.

The Chhayan Route is so called because almost all the year round it is covered with shade. The shade of trees, did I say? No, not at all. What business have trees to make their appearance on such dizzy heights and in a chill climate like that? The route is for the most part enveloped by clouds. Shepherds of villages near Jamnotri and Gangotri, while tending their flocks, every year spend two or three months in forests. They happened to meet near the snow-clad peaks, called Bandar Punch and Hanuman Mukh, which connect the sources of the two far-famed sister rivers. Thus the route was discovered. Exuberant flowers make almost the whole of the way a veritable field of cloth of gold.

Yellow, blue, and purple flowers are met with in wild plenty. Lots of lilies, violets, daisies, and tulips of different varieties ; Guggal, Dhoop, Mamira, Mitha Telia, Salab misri and other herbs with leaves of lovely tints ; saffron, Itrasoo and other plants exhaling exceedingly sweet scent ; Bher Gadda and lordly Brama Kanwal with its calyx filled with fine icicles of frost ; all these make these mountains a pleasure garden worthy of the Lord of Earth and Heaven

“O colour, colour, love’s last opulence !

Thy universal language doth enshrine

The mystery of all magnificence,

A supernatural ministry is thine,

These larger forms of speech doth God employ

To shadow forth His own unshadowed joy.”

गोल चन्द का जोबन (योवन) फूट-फूट कर बाहर निकल रहा है

Gol Chand ka joban phoot phoot kar bahar nikal raha hai (Beauty is breaking forth everywhere). Zephyrs play freely all around, Kissing all they meet, but particularly kissing the brightest hued flowers. At places the pulses of fragrance that come and go on

the airy undulation affected Rama like sweet music. Here one will find present in rich abundance wind wafted odour which is sweet and soft; sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tears. Such fair fields on the tops of these giant mountains are stretched like decorated carpets. Do they serve gods as dining tables or dancing grounds? Murmuring streams and rivers thundering over precipices are not missing in these fairy scenes. On certain summits, vision enjoys perfect freedom, unimpeded it travels far and wide on all sides, no hills to stand in its way, no angry clouds to mar its course. Some of the grand peaks in their zeal to pierce the sky and cleave the cloudland have, it seems, altogether forgotten to stop and appear to melt into highest heavens.

While dealing with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the haughty mountains, let us not leave unnoticed the trembling splendour of the gemlike morning dew which enhanced not a little the attractiveness of the way. How well is man's mind (जीव)

shown in emblem by the tiny transient dew drop upon the lotus leaf ! Tiny, transient, ah ! yet how pure and sparkling, reflecting the Sun of Righteousness, (आत्मन) the infinite source of light, in its bosom. O man, art thou the wee little drop of the Infinite Sun? Indeed, the Light of lights thou art, and not the puny drop. All the Vedas and Rāma declare with an emphasis not to be mistaken that it is Thy refulgent glory that lends life and lustre to such fairy lands. Above below, and every where Thy resplendent presence shines. Thou art that power "which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel." It is Thou that delegatest to the morning its smile and to the rose its blush.

Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,

Or glistening in the morning dew,

Whate'er is beautiful or fair,

Is but Thine own reflection there.

Thine is the starry moon of night,

The twilight eve—the dewy morn ;

Whate'er is beautiful and bright

Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.

Thy glory walks in every sphere

And all things whisper, "God is here."

Young Krishna (Gol Chand) had the knack of besmearing the muzzles of calves and goats with a small remnant of butter after stealthily eating to his entire satisfaction the butter of Gopikas. The poor animals. The poor animals were slapped and abused by the ignorant house-wives ; whereas the dear little innocent thief escaped scot-free. It is the soul of all souls that if carrying matters in his own way, in reality that sorcerer Rama is bringing everything to pass ; but through his strange Maya he gets the false ego (*ahankar*) involved in responsibility. Call that butter-eating Krishna innocent, call him naughty, you are the same, reader. Whether juggler or magician, Rama is your true Self. Whatever exists, exists in you, you maintain each and all. Not imprisoned in the isolated pale island of a small body you are. Never, never is the criminal *ahankar* (false ego) your Atman. You are not the poor insignificant drop (*बीज*), you are the mighty ocean.

No. II

THE PRESENT DWELLING

of Rama (*for the eye enamoured of external form*) is a snug cottage, in the Mountain Amphitheatre, surrounded by a green-sward in a lonely natural garden commanding a fair view of the Ganges. Narayana and Tularam live elsewhere. Ram Buti grows in profusion here, Sparrows and other birds twitter heartily all the day long. Climate bracing. The song of the Ganges and the chorus of birds keep up a celestial festival all the time. Here the Ganges Valley is very broad. Gangi flows in a vast *maidan*, so to speak. The current, however is very swift. Still it has several times been waded across by Rama. Kedar and Badri have often enough most affectionately invited Rama Badshah. But dear Gangi, at the very thought of separation, feels sorrowful and crestfallen, and Rama does not like to displease her and see her dejected.

No. III

SUMEROO VISITED

While living in the Jamnotri Cave, Rama's daily food was Marcha and potatoes once in twenty-four hours. This brought on indigestion. About seven motions every day for three successive days. On the fourth day of ill-health, early in the morning, after bathing in the hot springs, he started on his trip to Sumeroo, wearing no clothes except a Kaupin (a rag round the loins), no shoes, no head-dress, no umbrella. Five strong mountaineers, having warm clothes on, accompany him. Narayana and Tularam sent back down to Gharsali.

To begin with, we had to cross the infant Jumna three or four times. Then the Jumna Valley was found blocked up by enormous avalanche about forty-five yards in height and one furlong and a half in length. Steep mountains like two vertical walls stood proudly on both sides. Have they conspired to deter Rama Badshah from advancing further? Never mind! All

obstructions must disappear before a strong adamantine will. We began to climb the western mountain-wall. Now and again we could get absolutely no foot-hold and had to support our bodies partly by catching hold of the twigs of fragrant but thorny rose bushes, and partly by entangling our toes in the tender blades of the soft mountain grass called Cha. At times we were within an inch of sure death. A deep abyss with the cold bed of snow filling the Jumna Valley was as a grave wide agape just ready to give too hospitable a reception to any one of the party whose foot might tremble ever so little. From beneath the slow, faint, murmuring sound of the Jumna was still reaching our ears like the death dirge of muffled drums. Thus we had to move along in the jaws of Death, as it were, for three quarters of an hour. Strange situation indeed, Death staring us in the face on one side, and air redolent with sweet scent refreshing and animating on the other. By this circuitous, dangerous enterprise, we reached at last beyond the

awful avalanche. Here the Jumna left. The party ascended a steep mountain. There was no road, no foot-path, nothing of the kind. A thick dense forest was passed where we could not see the wood of the trees. Rama's body received several scratches. After a little more than an hour's struggle in this forest of oak and birch trees we reached open ground covered all over with smaller growth. The atmosphere was charged, rather saturated with delicious odours. The ascent put all the mountaineers out of breath. Even Rama felt it to be good exercise. Inclines of 80° and even more had to be scaled. The ground was for the most part slippery. But all around the stately vistas and charming flowerage and teeming foliage beguiled the hard journey. European gardeners, in general, get seeds of flowers from places like these to decorate Indian Company Gardens, where the ignorant English speaking young men called them English flowers. But the remarkable peculiarity of most of these flowers is that when planted elsewhere they yield no fragrance, although they retain their original colour.

Young men, puffed up with European education, while reading the re-echoes of the Vedanta through the writings of European Professors, become fond admirers of what they deem to be Western thought, not knowing that the flowers of thought they have taken a fancy for, have been transplanted from their own motherland with this remarkable difference that in the hands of European teachers the wonderful flowers have lost their sweet fragrance of renunciation (वैराग्य). Vedanta, as presented by Europeans, keeps the form and colour of philosophy, but loses the delicious scent of realization.

अक्सै गुल में रंग है गुल का, व लेकिन बू नहीं ।

Aks-i-gul men rang hai gul ka, wa lekin bu nahin.

What about the health of Rama who had been ailing? He was all right that day, no disease, no fatigue, no complaint of any kind. No mountaineer could go ahead of him. We went on climbing and climbing till every one of the party felt very hungry. By this time we had reached a

region where it never rains but snow falls in gracious bounty.

There was no trace of vegetation of any kind on these bald, bleak heights. There had been a fresh snowfall before our arrival.

A red blanket was spread on a big slab of stone as a carpet for Rama. Potatoes that had been boiled the night before were given him to eat. The companions took their stale simple food most thankfully.

Lumps of light and brilliant snow served as (dry solid) water as well as luxury. Just after finishing the meals we were up again. Moving steadily onward and upward we toiled on. One young man fell down exhausted, his lungs and limbs refused to carry him any further; he complained also of giddiness of head. He was left alone there at that time. Proceeding a little further, another companion was senseless. "My head," he said, "reels and reels." He also was left to himself for the time being. The rest marched on. After short while a third companion fell off. His nose began to bleed. With two men now Rama presses on.

Three beautiful Barars (mountain stags) were seen most excellently flitting past.

A fourth companion lags behind, and at last lies down on snow-covered stones. No fluid water was visible round about, but a deep gurgling sound was audible from under the stones where the man lay. One Brahman still accompanies Rama, carrying the aforementioned red blanket, a telescope, a pair of green glasses, and a hatchet. Air became very thin to breathe. Strange enough, two Garurs flew over our heads here. A tedious slope of old, old snow of dark bluish colour, had to be mounted. The companion began to cut steps in the slippery snow in order to make it possible to plant our feet thereon. But the ancient glacier was so rigid that the poor man's hatchet broke down. Then and there we were overtaken by a snow storm. The man's heavy heart was cheered up by Rama with the assurance that Providence wanted to do more good than harm through the snowfall. And so it proved. The threatening snowfall made

it easier for us to trudge along. With the aid of pointed Alpine sticks we mounted the slope, and lo ! there lay before us fair, flat, extensive fields of dazzling snow, miles upon miles in width. A resplendent floor of silver snow shining all around. Joy ! Joy ! Is it not an ocean of radiant milk, splendid, sublime, wonderful, and wonderful ? Rama's joy knew no bounds. He ran on at his full speed on the glaciers at this time putting on his shoulder the red blanket and wearing canvas shoes.

There is no one in his company now,
akhir ke tain hans akela hi sidhara (आखिर के तई
 हंस अकेला ही सिधारा)

For nearly three miles he walked over the snows. Sometimes the legs got immersed and were drawn out not without struggle. At last on a snowy mound, the red blanket was spread. Rama sits on it, all alone, above the noises and turmoils of the world, beyond the fumes and furies of the multitude. Perfect silence reigns here. What a *shanti* prevails. No sounds of any kind audible except the *anand ghanthor*. (आनन्द घनघोर) Most blessed serene solitude !

The veil of cloud became a little less thick. The rays of the sun sifted through the thin cloud fell on the scene and immediately turned the silver snows into burning gold. Very appropriately has this place been called Sumeroo, or the *Mountain of Gold*.

O ye men of the world ! mark it no purple bloom on a lady's cheek, no bright jewellery or fine ornaments, no superb mansions can ever possess an iota of the transcendent enchantment and fascination of this Sumeroo. And numberless Sumeroos like this you will find within you when once you realize your own real Self. All Nature shall do you homage "from cloud to cloud, from the blue sky to the green earth all living creatures therein included from the eagle to the mole." No god shall dare disobey.

Clear up, O sky ! Disperse, ye clouds of ignorance that overhang India ! No more shall ye hover over this blessed land. O Himalayan snows, your Master orders you to keep fast to your purity and faithfulness to Truth (Light). Never shall ye send waters impregnated with dualism to the plains.

The clouds are rent asunder. Tho snows all assume ochre-coloured appearance. Have the mountains embraced Sannyas (संन्यास) ? They have certainly put on Rama's livery, what a phenomenon. The mountain snows look up to Rama in submissive willingness to run his errands.

ओ३म्

Hip Hip Hurrah ! Hip Hip Hurrah !

The rounded world is fair to see,

Nine times folded in mystery :

Though baffled seers cannot impart

The secret of its labouring heart.

Throb time with Nature's throbbing breast,

And all is clear from east to west.

“ Well,” says the American sage, Nature is the incarnation of a thought and turns to a thought again as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated and the volatile essence is for ever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence this virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects whether inorganic or organised. Man imprisoned,

man crystallised, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated.

Q.—If the world is my *own* idea (mind precipitated), why do not the external objects change at my will ?

A.—Says Gaurapada Acharya : “ Mere thought in the dreamland divides itself into *external* objects on the one hand and internal emotions, desires and so forth on the other. Moreover, the internal thought in that state seems to be in one’s control, changeable and comparatively unreal ; whereas the external objects (as in a nightmare) appear to possess comparatively uncontrollable, stable reality of their own.

Now, as a matter of fact, from the point of view of man in the wakeful state, both the real and the unreal, the external and the internal aspects of a dream, are but idea, pure and simple, and they are besides one’s *own* idea, one’s *own* creation. Again, in the wakeful state, people distinguish between what they call stern constant external objects and the unreal internal thought. But to the man of self-realization the hard objects,

no less than the variable thoughts in the long run, become non-entity like a dream. and so long as their appearance lasts, they affect him as his own ; even though they cannot be altered at will, yet they are his own ideas. Your intellect cannot give an explanation of the growth of your hair or of the bloom of your face, still you regard the hair and the fair complexion *your own*. Just so, a Jiwan Mukta finding himself to be the Sely of all must regard every object his *own*. He is all love. For him even the appearance of the real as well as the ideal is gradually relieved by the One only ; without a Second Consciousness.

MAYA

Torch whirling (Mahratti, *jwala*) is not uncommon in certain parts of India. The glowing flame looks now like a broad circle of light, now appears to be an unbroken streak of fire, again assumes an elliptical form, goes up, comes down, and manifests many amusing phenomena. Are these

phenomena inherent in the flame? Do they come out of the toreh or fire-brand? Do they come from without? When the Mahratti is not revolving, do the phenomena enter into it? Or do they go elsewhere? To all these queries one has to answer in the negative. The toreh in whirling *motion* exhibits straight and curved lines; when *motion* stops, there is no trace of such appearances in the torch. Even when the torch was in rapid motion, the curves, though visible, were far from being real.

Just so, Absolute consciousness (शुद्ध चैतन्य) like the firebrand at rest has no trace of manifold names and forms (the phenomenal worlds); and even when the variety of names and forms makes an appearance, their appearance is illusory like that of the Mahratti phenomena; Consciousness (चित्) being always untouched and untainted by them. The one indivisible flame (light, ज्योति) is ever present in all the phenomena, but the phenomena do never exist in the flame (light, ज्योति). Similarly, in all names and forms Rama is ब्रह्म manifest, but in Rama

names and forms are evanescent. As the Mahratti phenomena owe their seeming existence to motion, so the multiplicity of names and forms (that make up the world) owe their seeming existence to the Maya Shakti of चैतन्य.

इन्द्रो मायाभिः पुरुषरूप ईयते ।

Shakti or power has not any existence of its own. It may be manifested, it may not be manifested. It cannot exist apart. This माया Shakti in the case of the individual is revealed as what may be called Consciousness's motion or activity, *manas* (mind). *Manas* in motion and the phenomenal world being the obverse and reverse of one and the same thing; *Manas* at rest is identical with Consciousness. The Absolute (Brahma, ब्रह्म) *Manas*, purged of its dross (desires, attachment) loses its fickleness and tends to become steady. Perfect steadiness being attained, *manas* is one with Brahman. By this *sakshatkar*, Maya is overcome and the world is converted into a Garden of Eden, the Lost Paradise is immediately regained. Beauty breaks in everywhere. The sense of

separateness being killed out, all cares and anxieties are merged in the supremely sublime Existence, Consciousness and Bliss for ever and ever.

A young man in the presence of Rama plucked a beautiful rose with a view to enjoy its smell. No sooner did he bring it in contact with his nose than a bee stung him just on the tip of the nose. The man cried with pain, the rose fell from his hand.

Do the petals of every rose enfold a bee? Certainly, there is not a rose of sensual pleasure which has not got the bee of injury concealed in it. Unbridled desires must be punished by inevitable pain.

Ye given to dreadful oblivion, forget not your own Self. Ye need not pluck the gaudy rose, wherever the full blown rose lies there you are, its vermillion or sweet scent is your own. King, his shakes are yours; Beauty, her charms are yours; diamond or gold, its burning rays are yours. Why entertain vain desires, and what for? Realise your unity with the All, your oneness with God. You are that divine Krishna who danced

hand in hand with every one of the hundreds of Gopis at one and the same time. In the sea as well as in the palace, in the garden as well as in the desert, in the battle field or the private chamber you are always equally present.

Rama cries from the tops of the highest mountains: Ye who complain of weakness and poverty, verily ye are Lord Almighty, ye are Rama himself. Imprison not yourselves in your own thought ; wake up, wake up, shake off your sleep and this dream of a world. Why grovel in misery and helplessness, when it is no other than your own Self which is all in all ? O, rise up to Self-Consciousness, and all sorrows shall vanish, ye are the essence of all happiness, ye are the soul of all joy. Nothing can do you harm. For Rama's sake, know your *Atman* (आत्मान) Why delay ? Know it, as it, as it ought to be known. Are ye not hunting after happiness day and night with unremitting zeal and unflagging efforts, but with unfailing failure ? Don't make fools of yourselves. Seek not happiness in the objects of the

senses. Dupes of senses ! give up your vain search outside. The ocean of immortality is within you. The kingdom of heaven is within you. Ye are the nectar of nectars. Let both the mind and the world be melted down in God-Consciousness. Just abandon your little selves to blessed madness. Ye dear ones, why care so much for the quarantine of a mortal body. Harbour not a single thought within you as to what shall become of this not-self. Banish the superstition of all relations. Let the eyes perish that do not see God. Woe unto the heart that cherishes the disease of desires. Wipe away all ungodliness. Hold fast to your true position. No praise or blame can come up there, no sorrow or petty joy can disturb then. Receive Divinity into the ship and then let all go :—Let go the shore, let go the little self, let go the sail ! Yea, let the gale of वैराग्य (Divine Love) take the poor flimsy dark cotton sail of this frail human bark and waft it right out on the ocean of God Consciousness. Happy is he who is drowned in heavenly intoxication. Blessed

is he who is dead drunk in divine madness.
 Worshipful is he who is absorbed in deep
Atmananda and Supreme Bliss, being lost to
 the world.

Rama.

OM



OM

But thou art the root of things present,
 past, and future.

Thou art father and mother ;

Thou art masculine ;

Thou art feminine ;

Hail ! root of the world ;

Hail ! centre of things ;

Unity of Divine numbers.



Thou art what produces,

Thou art what is produced ;

Thou art what enlightens ;

Thou art what is enlightened ;

Thou art what appears,

Thou art what is hidden,

By Thy own brightness.



No. IV

VASISHTHA ASHRAMA.

This evening it stopcd raining. The clouds, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes and different degrees of thickness, have somewhat parted in different directions. Light refracted and reflected from them makes the entire scene a blazing sphere of glory. Then the playful children of heaven put on fascinating colours of all varieties. What painter could paint ? What observer could note all the passing shades and hues ? Look where you will, the eyes are charmed by the orange, purple, violet and pink colours and their indescribable varieties, while between these the ever welcome blue black ground is here and there. The effulgent glory brings on ecstasy; and tears of joy appear in Rama's eyes. The clouds dissolve, but leave a permanent message behind. They brought a cup of nectar from the Lord and went back to Him. Such are in fact all attractive objects. They appear, reflect Rama's glory for a second and dissolve. Insane indeed must he be who

falls in love with the passing clouds, and yet folks endeavour to hold fast to the unsteady clouds of seeming things and cry on like children finding them gone. How amusing ! O ! I cannot suppress a laughter.

Others again expend all their time in minutely observing and faithfully noting down the smallest details of transitory changes in clouds (phenomena). O me ! What are these creatures ! There is a flood of glory around them and yet they care not to slake their raging thirst for light. These are what they call scientists and philosophers. Being too busy in splitting the hair, they take no notice of the Glorious Head of the Beloved to which the hair belong. O ! I cannot suppress a laughter. Happy is he, whose vision no clouds of names and forms could obstruct, who could always trace the attracting light to its true source, the Atman, and whose affections reached the goal (God)—not being lost in the way like streams dried up before reaching the sea. The pleasing relations must vanish. They are only postmen. Miss not the Lord's

love-letter they have brought for you. The match stick must soon burn off, but blessed is he who has lighted his lamp permanently therewith. The steam and food supply must ere long be consumed, but fortunate is the boat which before the fatal loss reached the Home—the Harbour. He lives who could make of every object whatever a stepping stone to God, or rather a mirror to see God. The world with all its stars, mountains, rivers, kings and scientists, etc; was made for him. Verily it is so, I tell you the truth.

The fields and landscapes, wherein lies their refreshing charms as contrasted with the sickening smoky streets of cities, by criticism or compliments, they excite not in man the sense of limitation and they drive him not into the corner (*bodyhood*). Man, in their presence, can well occupy the position of a Witness—Light. Inwardly, the vegetable kingdom has as much, and perhaps more, of strife and struggle, and unrest, etc., than the civilised societies; but even their struggles become interesting in

so far as a man among cedars, oaks, and pines easily sees himself not one of them. but can keep himself the Witness-Light (साक्षी) unconcerned. He who can live in busy streets as any body might move in forests, feeling the Self as disinterested Witness-Light, not identifying himself with the body which in this case may be taken as a plant among plants, who could deny that the Universe is a Garden of Eden to him? Such people of God-life are the light of the world. The Light which appears as unconcerned witness is the very life of all that it witnesses.

The river of Life is flowing. None exists but God. Of whom shall I be afraid, of whom ashamed? All life is my God's life, nothing other, He and Me too is He. The whole world is my own Himalayan woods. When lights dawns, flowers begin to laugh, birds sing and streams dance with joy! O that light of lights! The sea of Light of lights is flowing! The breeze of Bliss is blowing!

In this beautiful forest, I laugh and sing, clap hands and dance.

Did they jeer ? It was blowing of the breeze. Did they sneer ? It was hissing of the leaves. Shall I be overshadowed by my own life pulsating in the streams, cedars, birds, and breezes ?

I dance, I dance, I laugh and dance.

The stars I raise as dust in dance.

No jealousy, no fear,

I'm the dearest of the dear,

No sin, no sorrow,

No past, no morrow.

No rival, no foe,

No injury, no woe.

No, nothing could harm me,

No, nothing alarm me,

The soul of all

The nectar fall,

The sweetest self,

Yea ! health itself,

The prattling streams.

The happiest dreams,

All myrrh and balm,

Rawan and Ram,

So pure and calm

Is Rama, is Rama.

The heavens and stars,
Worlds near and far
Are hung and strung,
On the tunes I sung.

No. V

THE TOP OF BASOON—(VASISHTHA ASHRAM).

The moon is shining, spreading a sea of silvery peace. The moonlight falls full on Rama's straw bed. The shadows of unusually tall, white rose bushes which grow fearlessly free and wild on this mountain, are checking the moon-lit bed and flickering so playfully as if they were nice little dreams of the placid moonlight that sleeps so tranquilly before Rama.

Sleep, my baby, sleep !

And smile with rosy dreams !

Jamnotri, Gangotri, Sumeroo, Kedar and Badri glaciers stand so close as if one could reach them by hand. In fact, a semicircle of glaring diamond peaks like a jeweller's tiara decorates this Vasishtha Ashram. Their white snowy summits are all taking a bath in the milky ocean of moonlight, and their

deep *Soham* breathings in the form of cool breezes reach here continually.

The snows on this mountain have all melted off, and by this time the vast open field near the top is completely covered with blue, pink, yellow and white hued flowers, some of them being very fragrant. People are afraid of coming here as they believe this place to be the *Garden of Fairies*. This idea saves this pleasure-garden of the Devas from being haunted by the sacrilegious spoilers of nature's beauty. Rama walks over this flower-land very softly with great caution, lest any tender smiling little flower be injured by ungentle tread.

Cuckoos, doves and numerous other winged songsters entertain Rama in the morning, sometimes in the morning a huge dragon comes up near the roof of the cave and entertains Rama with his peculiar Persian wheel like music. The eagles (royal *Garuras*) soaring high up, touching the dark clouds at noon,—are they not the *Garuras* bearing Vishnu on their back? On night a tiger sprang past Rama.

What a fair colony the blooming forest giants have round the yonder mountain pond ! What bond unites them ? It is no connection with each other, no personal relationships. They have a social organisation, as it were, only in so far as they send their roots to the self-same pond. The love of the same water keeps them together. Let us meet in devotion to the same Truth,—meet in Heaven, in heart, in Rama.

No. VI

JAGADEVI LAWN

All the caves near the top of Basoon Mountain being engaged by the rains, Rama had to quit the Garden of Fairies at the top. He came down to a most lovely, lofty level lawn where breezes keep playing all along. Jasmine, white and yellow, grows wild here together with various other sister flowers. Straw berries,; crimson rose-berries are found in ripe plenty. On one side of the newly built hut a neat green-sward extends far in gradually ascending slope between two rushing streams. In front

is a charming landscape, flowing waters, fresh-foliage covered hills and undulating forests and fields. Clean, smooth slabs of stone on the lawn form the royal tables and seats for Rama. If shade be needed, spreading groves furnish cheerful accommodation.

No. VII

RAIN

In three hours a hut was prepared by shepherds living in the forest. They made it rainproof to the best of their power. At night, severe rainstorm set in. Every three minutes lightning flashed, followed by rolling thunder at which each time the mountains shook and trembled. This *Indra vajra* kept up its continual strokes for over three hours. Water poured madly. The poor hut leaked, its resistance to the storm became so ineffective that an umbrella had to be kept open all the time under the roof to save the books from being drenched. The clothes became all wet. The ground being grass covered could not turn muddy,

yet it was drinking to its full the water drops drizzling continuously from the roof. Ram is enjoying very nearly the "fish" and the "tortoise" life. The experience of the aquatic life for the night brings joy of its own.

Ze umr yak shab kam giro zinhar mukhusp.

Translation—Count one night less from the full span of your life and sleep not at all.

Blessed is the storm to keep us up in the Lord's company.

शौह जागे, काहनूं सोबां (ग्रन्थ माहव)

RIGVEDA (MANDAL VIII)

महे चन त्वद्रियः परा शुल्काय-देयाम् ।

न सहस्राय नायुताय वष्विबो न शताय शतमघ ॥

Translation—Not for any price could I, O Mountain-mover, give Thee up, not for a thousand, O Thunderer! nor ten thousand, nor hundred times that, O Lord of countless bounty !

यन्त्रकानि परावति यदवावति दृग्रहन् ।

अतस्त्वा गोमिद्युर्गदिन्द्र केशिभिः सुतावां अविवासति ॥

Rama's interpretation :— Whether, O *Shakra* (Almighty) thou be far (in roaring clouds, *शुलोक*), or, O *Vritra-slayer* (i.e., doubt-destroyer), near at hand (in blowing winds, *अन्तरिक्ष*); here, heaven penetrating songs (piercing prayers) are being sent as long-maned steeds for Thee (to ride on) and come sharp to one who has pressed out the juice (of his existence) for Thee. Come, sit in my heart, partake of the wine of my life (*सोम Soma*).

Man is not meant to waste all his time in petty fears and cautions (*चिन्ता, किं*) of the kind :—“how shall I live and oh ! what shall become of me ?” and all such foolish nonsense. He ought to have at least as much self-respect as fishes and birds and even trees have. They grumble not at storm or sunshine but live as one with Nature. My Atman, I myself am the pouring rain. I flash. I thunder. How beautifully awful and strong I am. *Shivoham* songs gush forth from the heart.

आमेखलं संचरता घनानां ह्यायामधः सानुगतां निषेव्य ।

उदे जिता वृष्टिभिराश्रयन्ते शृंगारिण यस्यातपवन्ति सिद्धाः ॥

भागीरथी निर्झर शीकराणां घोठा मुहुः कम्पित देशदारुः ।

यद्वायुरन्विष्ट मृगैः किरातैः आसेव्यते भिन्न शिखण्डि ग्रहैः ॥

No day or night passes without bringing a heavy shower of rain. And as described in the first shloka of Kalidas quoted above, Rama is often caught by showers in his daily climbs up the hill. But there being no caves in the near neighbourhood he has to take the very clouds for his umbrella and to enjoy the showers as his.

Happy are the cedars and pines as described in the second shloka, which though quivering and shivering, offer on their bodies as target for the cool showers of the Ganges' spray.

O the good fortune to bare our bosom before raging coolness, stormy grace !

No. VIII

A VISIT TO SAHASTARU TAL.

July 1906.

सप्तर्षि हस्तावचितावशेषाख्यधो विवस्वान् परिवर्तमानः ।

पद्मानि यस्याग्रतरोरुहाणि प्रबोधयस्यह्म मुत्तैर्मयूरवैः ॥

So far aloft, amid Himalayan steeps,

Couched on the tranquil pool the lotus sleeps

That the bright Seven who star the northern sky
Cull the fair blossoms from their seats on high ;
And when the sun pours forth his morning glow
In streams of glory from his path below,
They gain new beauty as his kisses break
His darling's slumber on the mountain lake.

To travel on almost heaven-high ridges
for miles and miles; viewing the waving
forests of birch and juniper spreading far
below, flowery precipices lying on the right
as well as on the left hand side ; to walk
barefooted on extensive fields covered with
soft velvety grass where loving dainty flowers
cling to your feet getting entangled in the
toes ; to enjoy the silvery sights of the rushing
waterfalls on distant Kailas cliffs ; to watch
clever little musk deer springing at lightning
speed before you—well might the moon
ride such a beautiful runner ; to be startled
now and then by *Garuras* (royal eagles)
fluttering their painted large wings now on
this side, then on the other ; to stoop to
pick every now and then Kailas lotuses (*Brahma
Kamalas*) which in their lovely petals com-
bine gold and fragrance ; to be amused at

the coolies outdoing each other in digging *Masi*, *Lesar*, *Guggul*, the different kinds of incense which abound here in charming plenty; and to sing hymns and chant OM, engaged our time. Far, above the din and bustle of worldly life; deep and vast blue lakes in their crystalline expanse, rippling under the pure and free Kailas air, surrounded by chaste, virgin snows hold a mirror up to the very face of the blooming, blushing Sun. In such lofty solitude serenely does the Sun enjoy his charming glory. On such heights, no hamlet or hut could be expected; the nights were passed in caves where breezes sleep.

O! The joy of leaving behind the prosaic plains of parching body-consciousness! O! The joy of mingling with the sun and breeze; O! The joy of roaming in the heavenly infinite forest deeps of *Ekameva-dvityam* (One without a second)!

Honour-winners, knowledge-gainers, social reformers, dear labourers! Well one! God (Rama) blesses you! Go on, sweet ones!

Go on ! Pursue with hope and zeal your respective duties. May your exertions be crowned with abundant success, may you reach safe and sound your particular destinations, may joy greet you at the due stations. But what of Rama ? Rama is on a different ticket. He cannot break journey and sojourn long at any between stop. Good bye ! Darlings ! O the Terminus ! The never-ending Terminus.

1

Creating the earths and heavens and birds and
beasts

Who enters these as life and soul ;
And from the husk of body and mind
Is thrashed out with devotion and *Jnana*
That Being clothed in forms and names !
That selfsame *Sat* art thou, the same, the same.

2

Diverting the thoughts from objects of sense,
Like horses whipped when going astray ;
Controlling the thoughts with Wisdom's reins,
The sages bring them home to OM ;
That Home or OM art thou, no doubt the
same.

3

The manifold changes—waking, sleep,
Boyhood, manhood, health, disease,
Failure, success, gain or loss—
Are flowers simply strung on thread ;
That changeless thread, the One in all,
Is Atman pure without a knot,
That Atman pure art thou, the same, the same,

4

That Being shining in the sun is no other than
myself ;
That Self in me is certainly the Being shining
in the sun ;

By such texts the Vedas preach
The Light of lights, the Self-Supreme !
That Self art thou ; yea ! same, the same.

5

Anxieties, doubts and fears and fall
Temptations, dangers, weakness are
Dispelled and driven out like the dark
Of thousand years when Light appears
The Light to drive out sorrow, sin,
Is consciousness of Self within.
That Consciousness or Self art thou ;
indeed the same, the same.

6

The same that works thy eyes and hands,
The same doth move what by thee stands.
The One within is all without,
That One does bring what comes about.
No foreign force, no foe, no other
Exists by thee whatever
Is, art thou, verily the same, the same.

When viewed from the stand-point of God-Self, the whole world becomes an effusion of Beauty, expression of Joy, out-pouring of Bliss. When limitation of vision is overcome, there remains nothing ugly for us. When everything is my own Self, how could any thing be other than sweetness condensed. Self is Anand (Bliss), therefore, Self-realization is equal to the realization of the whole world as Bliss-crystallised or perception of the powers of Nature as my own hand and feet, and feeling the universe as my own sweet Self embodied.

O Joy ! Nothing separate !

"No warder at the gate
Can keep the *Jnani* in ;
But like the sun over all

He will the castle win
And shine along the wall."
He waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone
And when they stay.

O Divinity ! who rules the Universe ? None but God. Could anything take place against God's laws ? Never. All is well. Let those resort to plans and policies to whom the world is real. *God is*, and nothing else exists but God ! Glory ! Glory !

Perish this body and mind, if for a single second the idea of defence lodges therein. My bodies are millions, my Self is God and needs no protection.

Outside rocks there are none to shatter. I am the only rock, the rock of the Universe.

Flickering stars of the pupils of myopic vision ought not to be allowed to divert our attention in the least.

One person saw a dream, a nightmare
His neighbours' gan to scream ! Look there !

He weeps at no disaster,
I can't suppress a laughter."

If there ever was a person who loved from his heart of hearts all beings as his own very Self, it is Rama. My children may not understand Me, but I am still their own calm, serene, loving, blessing Self, Rama.

No. IX

A LETTER FROM THE HIMALAYAN JUNGLES.

DARJEELING

June, 1905.

Day passes into night, and night again turns into day, and here is your Rama having no time to do anything, busy, very busy, very busy in doing nothing. Tears keep pouring, vicing well with the continuous rains of this the most rainy district; the hairs stand on ends, the eyes wide open seeing nothing of the things before them. Talk stopped, work stopped unfortunately (?) No, most fortunately. Oh, leave me alone.

This continuous wave after wave of inarticulate ecstasy, O Love! Let it go on. O! The most delicious pain.

Away with writing,

Off with lecturing.
Out with fame and name.
Honours ! Nonsense.
Disgrace ! meaningless.
Are these toys the end of life ?
Logic and Science, poor Bunglers !,
Let them see Me and have cured their blindness.
In dreams a sacred current flows,
In wakefulness, it grows and grows.
At times, it overflows the banks
Of senses and the mortal frame.
It spreads in all the world and flows,
It inundates in wild repose.
For this the sun, he daily rose,
For this the universe did roll,
All births and deaths for this.
Here comes rolling, surging wonder, undula-
ting Bliss,
Here comes rolling laughter, silence.

WHAT IS PRACTICAL VEDANTA ?

Pushing, marching Labour and no stagnant
Indolence ;
Enjoyment of work as against tedious drudgery ;
Peace of mind and no canker of Suspicion ;
Organization and no disaggregation ;

Appropriate reform and no conservatistic
custom ;

Solid real feeling as against flowery talk ;

The poetry of facts as against Speculative
fiction ;

The logic of events as against the authority of
departed authors ;

Living realization and no mere dead quotations.

CONSTITUTE PRACTICAL VEDANTA.

Meditation and concentration on the *Mahavakya* (great saying) *Aham brahmasmi* (I am That), and no diffusion and confusion on personalities and parties, naturally translates itself into force, freedom and love. This Infinite Godhead vibrating in every hair on the body, this muscular *advaita*—non dualism, this dynamical *devotion*, this flaming light is what the Shastras call the unerring *Brahma-shar*.

O ye wavering, fickle, dubious minds, no more of lukewarm orthodoxy and heterodoxy ! Scorch out all doubt and hesitation, all *doxies* are your creation. The Sun might be shown to be a disc of quicksilver, the Earth might be proved to be a concave sphere, the Vedas

might be demonstrated as not inspired, but ye can be nothing, nothing but God. A single note issuing *from your Godhead* must be taken up by the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the particles of dust, the whiffs of wind, the drops of rain, by birds, beasts, gods and men. It must be thundered over caves and forests, pealed over hemlets and huts, it must reverberate over streets and towns, pass from cities to cities, and fill and thrill the whole world ! O Freedom ! Liberty !

Fill the mountain-fountains of a river with immense treasures of golden glaciers, and all its branches, streams, canals must flow full, feeding the fields to flourish free. Let the Source of life, the Origin of love and Spring of delight and light. the infinite Power and Purity, Divinity, embrace and displace the little self, saturate the feelings, fill the mind, and necessarily must be hands, feet, eyes, nay every fibre of the frame, even the environments *must* work a heaven of harmony and irradiate a flood of energy.

The King's very presence on his royal throne establishes order throughout the *darbar*, so doth

a man's resting on his God-head (native glory, स्वराज्य) establish order and life through the whole race.

O ye of little faith ! wake up ! wake up to your holy majesty ! and a single glance from your royal indifference, a side-wind from your divine recklessness is enough to convert the direct hells into charming heavens.

Come Home, Come Home,

O wanderer, Home ! Om ! Om !

Blow O breezes, mingle O winds, with these words whose purpose is the same as yours.

O laughter ! laughter !

Inextinguishable joy and laughter !

"After long ages resuming the broken thread
coming back after a long but necessary parenthesis
To the call of the peacock in the woods.

Up with the bracken uncurling from the midst of
dead fronds of past selves.

Seeing the sun rise new upon the world as lovers
see it after their first night,

All changed and glorified the least thing trembling
with beauty, all old sights become new, every
thing vivified and bathed in divinity."

"Now, having learned the lesson which it was

necessary to learn of the intellect and of civilization, having duly taken in and assimilated and again duly excreted its results, once more to the gréat road with the animals and the trees and the stars, travelling to return.

To other nights and days undreamt of in the vocabularies of all dictionaries."

O kisses of the sun and winds !

O joy of the liberated Soul (finished purpose
and acquittal of conventionality),

Daring all things, light steps, life held in the
palm of the hand !

At length the Wanderer returns Home,

All those things which have vainly tried to
detain him.

When he comes who looks neither to the right
nor to the left for any of them.

Not being deluded by them but rather threatening to pass by and leave them all in their
places just as they are,

Then rise up and follow him,

Though thorns and briars before—in his path
they now become fruits and flowers.

Not till he has put them from him does he
learn the love and faithfulness that is in them.

Faithful for ever, more are they his Servants !
And this world is paradise !!!

—
No. X

(*Copy of a letter sent to Rai Saheb Baij Nath.*)

वासिष्ठाश्रम ।

27th March, 1906

MOST BLESSED DIVINITY,

Peace like a river is flowing to me.

Peace as the breezes is blowing to me.

Peace like the Ganges flows—

It flows from all my hair and toes.

Let surging waves of oceans of peace

Leave all the hearts and heads and feet !

Om joy ! Om Bliss ! Om Peace !

This Ashram आश्रम is above the snow-line. A beautiful stream, called Vasishtha ganga (वाशिष्ठागंगा) flows just below Rama's cave. There are five or six water-falls in the stream. Natural basins are carved out of the hard rocks in the river valley by Shiva's (शिव's) own hand forming about twenty lovely little tanks. The hills are covered with those true light-loving hardy giants of the forest whose green does not fade even when

more than six feet of snow accumulates about them. They are certainly worthy of the great Banamali's (वनमाली) kindness and love.

असुं पुरः पश्यन्ति देवदारुं पुत्रा कृतोऽसौ वृषभध्वजेन ।

These oak-hearted, green-shouldered children of Mahadev (महादेव) are the only companions of Rama. Even Narayana swami was sent away to the plains not to visit Rama again before *at least* two years. A young man comes every day, cooks food, and leaves to spend the night in some adjoining village—the nearest village being over three miles distant.

Half-a-mile walk up the hill takes Rama to the top of this mountain (Basun) where the sacred glaciers of Kedar, Badri, Sumeru, Gangotri, and Kailas are within sight.

The spot is described at length in the Kedar khand (केशर खण्ड). Such was the place selected for Ashrampada (आश्रमपाद) by the author of Yoga Vasishtha (योग वसिष्ठ). Happily, no town or road is near here yet. Ask not about the ecstasy of Rama. The overflowing rapturous peace will be revealed by Rama's chief work which will go down to the plains for publication some years hence. Let none visit Rama

till then, please.....God is only reality.

देखा न शव जो यार को नूरे जिया से कार क्या ।
 मुरदे की कबरे-तार को आवो-गया से कार क्या ॥ १ ॥
 चाहे कोई भना कहे, खयाह पड़ा बुरा कहे ।
 पल्ला छुठा जो जिस्म से बीमो-रजा से कार क्या ॥ २ ॥
 नेकी, बदी, खुशी रामी जीनह थीं बामे-यार का ।
 जीनह जला दो, अब यहाँ "पाई-बिया" से कार क्या ॥ ३ ॥
 अश्रु-कोर ही को है उलकत मासिवाये-हक ।
 काव-ए-दिल में यह जिना वूए-बफा से कार क्या ॥ ४ ॥
 इतना लिहाज कर लिया दुन्या तिरा परे भि हट ।
 नाँचूँ हूँ साथ राम के शर्मो-हया से कार क्या ॥ ५ ॥

अजदहा जादो है (मारे-आस्तों) चरमे दो बीं ।
 गैरे-हक को जब नजर आवे, जहाँ हो, मार तोफ ॥
 खाक भूठी जिन्दगी पर कब्र का कीड़ा न बन ।
 गोरे-तन, वहमे-खुदो परदे जला, फिर मार तोफ ॥
 मालो-दौलत-गीरो दारो रखतो-बखतो, नकदो जिन्स ।
 इज्जतो-माओ-मनो का कार करदे पार - तोफ ॥

Your प्रयागकुम्भ lecture was just masterly. One copy was presented by Rama to the Maharaja of Tehri. Dear, listen, Vedanta is no cant, and this world is nought. He perishes who feels it to be real. God is the only reality Yes, yes, yes, yes, ॐ

Rama.

XI

Copy of a letter sent to Rai Bahadur Baij Nath,

वाशिष्ठाश्रम ।

End of June, 1906.

(The same as that of No. VI, VII and part of VIII printed on pages 180 to 190 of this very volume with an addition on the followiug)

चार तरफ से अब्र को बाह ! उठी थी क्या घटा ।
 विजली को जगमगाहटें, राद रहा था गड़गड़ा ॥
 बरसे था मेंह भो भूम-भूम छाजों उमड़-उमड़ पड़ा ।
 भोके हवा के ले चले होशे-बदन को वह उड़ा ॥
 हर रंगे-जां में नूर था, नरामा था जोर शोर का ।
 अब्र-बरों से था सिबावात् दिल में सरुर बरसता ॥
 आवे हयात् को झड़ो जोर जो रोजो शव पड़ी ।
 फिकरो-ख्याल वह गये, टूटो दुई की भौंपड़ी ।

जंगल सब अपने तन पर हरयाली सज रहे हैं ।
 गुल फूल भाड़ वूटे कर अपनी धज रहे हैं ॥
 विजला चमक रही है, बादल गरज रहे हैं ।
 अल्लाह के नक्कारे नौबत के बज रहे हैं ॥

कैसे रंग लागे ! खूब भाग जागे ।
 हरी गई सब भूख और नंग मेरी ॥
 चूड़े साँच स्वरूप के चढ़े हम को ।
 टूठ पड़ी जब काँच की वङ्ग मेरी ॥

तारों संग आकाश में चमकनी है ।
 त्रिन डोर अब उड़ी पतङ्ग मेरी ॥
 मझी नूर की दरने लगी जोरों ।
 चन्द्र सूर हैं एक तरंग मेरी ॥

The Spritual Law about privations and success, how beautifully the Veda enunciates it :—ब्रह्म तं परादृष्टोऽन्यत्रात्मनो ब्रह्मवेद

Let any body in his heart of heart *believe in anything whatsoever as real*—i. e. fit object of trust—and inevitably he must be forsaken or betrayed by that object. This is a law more stern than the Law of Gravitation. The only Reality, Atman (आत्मन्) brings home to us the delusion of seeing anything else as real.

No warder at the gate
 Can keep the *Jnani* in ;
 But like the Sun o'er all
 He will the castle win,
 And shine along the wall.
He waits, as waits the sky,
 Until the clouds go by,
 Yet shines serenely on
 With an eternal day,
 Alike when they are gone,
 And when they stay,

So long as *any sort of desire* clings to a person, he cannot realize शिवोऽहम् bliss. But

यद्वा सर्वे प्रमुच्यन्ते कामायेऽस्य हृदि श्रिताः ।

अथ मर्त्योऽमृतो भवत्यत्र ब्रह्म समश्नुते ॥ श्रुतिः ।

(B) LETTERS

No. 1

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA,
Kishangarh.

Tehri,
1902

NARAYANA,

Doctors say unless we feel appetite from within we should take no food, however delicious and whole-some it may be and however much our dear friends and relatives might coax us to eat it. All that you have written is quite true. If I start at once, there is a very good opportunity of enjoying the company of both yourself and the worthy Prime Minister of Kishangarh State, and of being benefitted by your wise counsels. But my inner voice bids me to wait, with the foreboding that even better opportunities shall present themselves when I am fully equipped. Nothing daunted by my former failures—if failures they can be called—I have every

hope that abundant success shall attend my future career. What I am doing here is exactly what must have been the result of your thought of friendly consultation at Kishangarh. We should, no doubt, be always on the alert to avail ourselves of favourable opportunities. But we should not be impatient either. Work is all that is wanted. In order that I may be able to inspire working power or energy into our countrymen, I must start with a vast store of accumulated energy myself. Let the time come, you shall most certainly be with me.

If I have not to go about making fuss about trifles but have to render some real and lasting service to the Motherland, and if I have to prove truly useful to our country, I feel I require a little more preparation in order to make myself equal to the stupendous task.

I am here making a thorough study of the Shastras and of the highest Western thought and am at the same time pursuing my own independent researches. I have not to spend my lifetime over this work. I shall soon be imparting to or rather carrying into the business and bosom of humanity what I have been

acquiring at the cost of incessant labour. I have full conviction that I could, if I would, long since, have caused a tremendous stir in the country but I have a conscience and for no personal glory, no gain, no threats, no imminent danger, not for fear of death even shall I preach what I have not *realised* to be the Truth.

If Truth has any power—as certainly it is Infinite Power—the Rajas as well as the Sadhoos, the nobility and the populace will all ultimately have to bow before and yield homage to the standard of Righteousness to be set up by Rama Tirtha Swami. I have an aptitude for this work, and it will be throwing away of my powers if through haste or impatience I harness myself for a lesser work.

I have to preach, else why did I fondly cherish that desire from my very childhood. I have to preach, else what for did I renounce my parents, wife, children, worldly position and the bright prospects. Filled with the divine fire I have to preach—boldly, fearlessly, even in the face of all sorts of persecution and opposition—what I am realising here.

Thankfully I accept your advice of keeping the money for my future use.

Regular exercise taken. Health Good. Climate most excellent.

Wishing you and the Baboo Sahib

Shanti ! Shanti !! Shanti !!!

Rama Tirtha Swami.

ॐ

(2)

To BRIJ LAL GOSWAMI,

Qanungo, *Jammoo State*,

Tehri, 1902.

DEARIE,

Glad to know you are employed. Be always honest and upright. Discharge your duties faithfully. Devote some portion of your time to the study of Bhagvad Gita and Yog Vasishtha every day. Never Neglect OM, ॐ

By your conduct prove yourself worthy of the high family you belong to. Never yield to temptations.

हरमुख राय को ॐ आनन्द ।

ख्याह क्या ही क्यों न हो दयानतदारी और सच्चाई को मत छोड़ना ।

❀ Swami Rama's nephew.

ॐ

(3)

TO PANDIT RAM DHAN SAHIB

Asstt. Settlement officer,

Bhimbar, Jammoo State, Kaudia, 1902.

DEARST RAMA,

Ram Badshah lives in these days on the summit of a high mountain commanding a most picturesque view of the glaciers of Jumnотri, Gangotri, Kedar and Badri. Gangi lying at a distance of seven or eight miles is visible from this place. Tow days' journey from the Railway Station Dehra Doon on the road to Tehri, brings one to these exquisitely delightful landscapes.

DEAREST,

Give all to love (प्रेम) ;

Obey thy heart ;

Friends, kindred, days.

Estate, good-fame,

Plans, credit' and the Muse,—

Nothing refuse,

Give all to love.

Rai Baij Nath is coming again here in the middle of April.

(4)

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA

SHANTI ASHRAM,

MUTTRA.

MOST BLESSD SELF,

1. Herewith is enclosed a letter from Mr. A. N, Knapp. He will probably write to you himself. His present address is uncertain because he is soon going to leave Berkley.

2. Mrs. Eva A. Wellman left America on the 23rd of October on board the Siberia.

❀ ❀ ❀ If she has not already (before you receive this letter) come to the Ashram, you should please wire to her or write to her immediately a letter of welcome. She desires to be in the Ashram ❀ ❀ ❀

Your One Self.

RAM SWAMI.

Enclosure to No. (4)

BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA,

FROM A. N. KNAPP.

TO RAM SWAMI,

Shasta Springs, California.

BROTHER & FRIEND,

Your very welcome and kind letter of recent date came to hand. Adrian is grateful for the booklets entitled "The Sermon on the Hill," "A word of welcome;" &c., sent to him by Ram. Adrian feels assured that Sadharana Dharama Sabha has come to stay. It must be so. Adrian's reasons for making that statement are the these; first, its principles are backed by the truth; second, it is as near an approach to a royal road to the goal as is practicable under existing conditions; and, third it is certainly the beginning of the way by which men may come into a realization of the very thing they are hankering for—whether they know it or not. All the principles of Sadharana Dharama Sabha, from I to VIII, inclusive, touch a responsive chord in Adrian's mind, and, he would like to know more about the Society. Will Ram kindly give Adrian the

meaning of *Sadharana Dharma Sabha* and, also the meaning of the word Parmatman. †Adrian feels an inclination to write to the brothers in India, with the object in view of learning more about the Society and the philosophy it teaches; and perhaps, later on, becoming one with the brothers in thought and work.

(5)

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA,

Shanti Ashram

MUTTRA.

Shasta Springs, California.

REVEREND SELF,

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

When the problem of India is looked at in the light of the law of progress the crying need for organization and combining up the whole nation is sorely realized. The stray divergent forces ought to be put in order.

❁ The Religion of Humanity or Simple Religion Society, (Ram Swami).

† Self Supreme, R. S.

Oh, how much does Ram wish (and *hope* and *shall*) to bring about clear understanding and union between the different Samajas, Sabhas and parties in India.

Would you please well consider the following principles which Ram recommends for Sadharana Dharma (or the COMMON PATH), consider them yourself and communicate them to the thinking people of India, and then publish them either as addenda, if possible to the old I. to VIII. principles or as a separate letter from Swami Ram. In this respect suit yourself as you please.

— — —
Enclosure to No. (5)

THE EXISTING PRINCIPLES OF
SADHARANA DHARMA SABHAS
(*Common Path Movement*)

I. The essential cause of the universe, that maintains it in order is the Almighty Parmatman.†

† "Parmatman, or Self supreme is an intelligent bodiless Power. It is of course necessary to have some word for conventional purposes and the best word full of meaning is the *Parmatman*," S. A.

II.—Unseen, He sees the qualities, actions, and inclinations of all individuals, tribes and nations, and rewards them in the form of pleasure or pain, rise, or fall.

III.—By gradually developing the moral, physical, and spiritual powers, by making a proper use of them, and by applying them to the good of humanity, one can realize the Parmatman.

IV.—All persons, who believe in the above-mentioned principles, are eligible to become members of the Sadharana Dharma Sabha.

V.—Every member, whilst advancing himself practically, that is, developing and properly exercising his own physical, moral and spiritual powers, ought to endeavour to ameliorate the condition of his family, tribe, nation, and the whole world, and to consider this act as true *Purusharth* (exertion) and *Paropkar* (doing good to others.)

VI.—It is the duty of every member to direct the attention of the masses towards religion (*Dharma*), to lessen the differences and prejudices of the various sects, and to advocate *toleration*.

VII.—Books on religion and morality, like the "Sadharan Dharma" ought to be read and the instructions contained therein acted upon with sincerity and earnestness, and others should be induced to do the same.*

VIII.—All members ought to help as far as possible all good Sadhus and other deserving persons, who preach religion (*Dharma*).

✽"Taking the name of a religious book with respect or reading it without understanding it or indulging in useless discussion on the subject of unimportant formulas or saying that all religions are good and their truths should be accepted, will serve no useful purpose. It is necessary that all books written in an easy intelligent style, treating of the daily wants, moral and physical and giving directions in a tolerant and unprejudiced manner to supply those wants, should not only be read with care but thoroughly digested upon. The Sadharana Dharma Pustaka is a book of this kind and may be studied with advantage. But it is mentioned as an instance only and in fact any book as useful as or more useful than that should certainly be read and acted upon" S.A.

PROPOSED PRINCIPLES

I.—Sadharana Dharma (COMMON PATH) implies the path of conduct adapted to the dictates of science, the injunctions of true Vedanta and needs of the day. As it goes hand in hand with advancing science and moves with the PRESENT it is dynamical and not static.

II.—The Common Path (Sadharana Dharma) is open to people of any creed or no creed. Those who profess other faiths need not disclaim when they adopt Sadharana Dharma.

III.—Sadharana Dharma aims not to establish Uniformity but Unity in *variety* throughout the different cults and sects of India, and by and by of the whole world. Its object is as far as possible to make the followers of each class more united to each other and to secure sounder co-operation between different classes or to minimize individual jealousy, class jealousy and national jealousy by endeavouring to make each individual class or nation excel in his or its own special work.

IV.—The Common Path aims to bring

about fellow feeling and kinship between India and other countries of the world by opening inter-communication through Sadharana Dharma Missionaries.

V.—For every follower of Sadharana Dharma, physical culture is as important as study and spiritual meditation.

VI.—Sadharana Dharma proposes to supplement to some extent the work of State Universities and to impart character-building education to those who come as student. Research work in Biology and other experimental sciences will be enhanced in addition to arranging for regular lectures on Ancient and Modern Philosophy. No pains will be spared to popularize science and promote original thinking.

N. B.....For further particulars about the Sadharana Dharma, vide *Swami Rama as an advocate of the Sadharana Dharma* in "Various Aspects of Swami Rama's Life" and 'The Fourteen Gems of the Sadharana Dharma'. Both these books can be had of the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow.

—Editor.

LETTERS TO MRS. WELLMAN (SURYANANDA)

The following is a letter from Mrs. Wellman, (Suryanand) to Mr. Puran with extracts of 20 letters sent to her by Swami Rama from America and India.



OM ! OM ! OM !

January, 1907.

Shanti Ashram—EDENDALE,
Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

DEAR and MOST BLESSED PURAN,

O, the thrill of joy your letter brought me, it *seemed* or was it true that the holy consciousness of our Rama pervaded the letter and my soul. Surely it is *still* true, as one of his letters said to me "Mother, Rama is always with you," and to spirit there is no limitation, so do I believe, yea, am certain Rama is with Puran. How holy and peaceful has been this day, forerunner of that great Consciousness in your letter with this as you request ! I will send some extracts of Rama's letters to me, also a few reminiscences of his sayings and

doings. Always with loving *impersonal* attention to the least of us, this great illumined soul with this meekness of a child led our hearts and minds upward to meet our God, our own Divine Atma. O, the sweetness, the gentleness of that great Consciousness manifesting through the modern Rishi Rama ! God was with us, and some of us, knew it not, and still God is with us, and as the blessed Ram often said, "there is no death," *he* is not far from those who have eyes to see or ears to hear. It was just beginning the year 1903 when I first met this great soul. He was lecturing in San Francisco, I went to hear him *reluctantly*. But with his chant of OM my mind was lifted, my very being vibrated with a joy I never felt before. A heavenly, blissful peace illumined me.

And I never missed another opportunity to feed upon the bread of Life he so freely gave. He also made an appeal to Americans to help his people by going to India and living as *one* of them in their very families. Quite a number said they would go. But not one of them went. One day I said to

him, "Swami Rama, for what you have done for me, what can I do for your people in exchange?" He said, "You can do a great deal if you will, but go to India." "I will go," I replied. But friends dissuaded and even derided me. Some said I was crazy to think of going especially as I had not sufficient money to return. But Rama said, "If you *really* know Vedanta, you would not fear, for you will find God in India the same as in America." So did God, the Divine Intelligent Principle of life *prove* His all sustaining power, through the tender, loving care of my beloved Hindu brothers and sisters, yea, my children. Yet five months elapsed before I fulfilled my promise to our blessed Rama and set sail for his native country. Alone I not knowing a person in that far off country, yet with "Faith leaning on the sustaining arm of the Infinite" as taught by Rama. I saw him last at Shasta Springs, California. I had but a few hours there before my train left for San Francisco. Never can I forget the day in those hills with snowy Mount Shasta.

towering above our heads. Similarly, two years and a half later I travelled several days' journey through the Himalayas to Vias Muni to bid this saint good-bye, as I was about to return to America. It is impossible to pen or relate that soul-stirring adieu. And the last, this great soul laid off the body a few months later.

Before setting sail for India, I received several letters from the blessed Rama who remained in Castle springs as well as in Shasta (California) for some time. He writes:—

(1)

CASTLE SPRINGS,

CALIFORNIA (U. S. A.)

June 11, 1903.

MY DEAREST BELOVED SELF,

Need there be anything written or said. Rama know everything, that is, you know everything, but in spite of that Rama will tell you of some things that transpired here lately, bringing great happiness to Rama. Everything brings pleasure to Rama.

On May 19, while Rama was stretched on a boulder by the river side, there was brought to Rama by the Manager of Dr. Hiller's place here a very lovely hammock, sent unexpectedly by a friend from Seattle. It was immediately suspended between a green oak and a red fir tree, high up in the air. With bubbling joy and overflowing laughter Rama rolled himself up into the hanging bed. The fragrant, gentle breezes began to rock Rama to and fro, the river went on with its OM melody. Rama laughed and laughed and laughed. Did you hear him? A chirping robin was watching overhead when Rama was swaying back and forth. Perhaps he was envious of Rama. Was he? No, that cannot be, every robin, sparrow, or nightingale knows Rama to be its own. At any rate when Rama left the hammock for a while to let out the uncontrolled inner pleasure in frisking about and dancing, the pretty robin stole the sweet opportunity to try a swing in the hammock. Say, are not Rama's little birdies and flowers frolicsome, merry and free?

May 20, noon. The President of the United States, on his way to the North, stopped at the Springs a while. The representative lady of Springs Company presented him with a basket full of lovely flowers, and immediately after that he accepted from Rama most gracefully, lovingly and cheerfully, the Appeal on behalf of India. He kept the book in his right hand all the time, and while responding with his right hand to the salutations of the crowds, the book naturally and spontaneously rose up to his forehead at least a hundred times. When the train started he was seen reading it attentively in his carriage, and once more he waved thanks to Rama from the leaving train.

But lo ! Rama never invited the President to the luxury of enjoying a swing in the poetic hammock. Could you guess, why not ? Do guess, please. Well, as you don't speak, Rama will tell you. The reason is plain enough. The President of the so-called free Americans is not a thousandth part as free as Rama's birdies and air.

Never mind the President. You can be free, even as free as Rama, and have air and light as your faithful servants. Be Rama and Rama will give you all—suns, stars, air, ocean, clouds, forests, mountains, and what not. Everything will belong to you. Is not that a lovely bargain? Is n't it dear? Do have everything, please.

At four in the morning, waked by the kisses of Aurora and tickled to laughter by free zephyrs, welcomed by the sweet songs of carolling birds, Rama goes out walking on the tops of mountains and the river side.

Come, let us laugh together, laugh, laugh, laugh. Come Sun, my child, look into the fearless smiling eyes of Rama and live close to nature and Rama. The ecstasy itself is I.

Your Self,

RAMA.

(2)

OM !

Shasta Springs, (CALIF),

July 9, 1903.

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter to hand. It is Truth and Truth alone that is one's real friend, relative, nay, Self.

Abide by truth, tread the path of righteousness and not an hair of your body will ever be injured

Read Yog Vasishtha and Bhagvad Gita over and over again.

Yours in Self.

RAMA SO-AM-I.

(3)

Shasta Springs, CALIFORNIA

October 8 1903.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER,

. . . Rama thoroughly appreciates every moment of yours, Rama is not selfish enough to misunderstand, nor is there any likelihood of ever forgetting one who has become Rama in her love for India, Truth,

and suffering Humanity. Surya means the Sun (He gave me the name of *Suryananda*) and so does Rama. "Resist not evil" does not mean become a passive nonentity; no, not at all. The saying has no reference to the acts of the body. It is a commandment touching the mind, and mind alone, inculcating *Peace of mind*. Mental *resistance, opposition* and *revolt* always bring about discord, irritation and worry; instead of "curling up", and consequently unbalancing yourself, overcome the seeming evil by Love (Sacrifice or giving nature) than which there is no higher force.

"Resist not evil," and welcome events with the good cheer of a giver. Great souls never lose their balance. By preserving our calm we can always turn the stumbling blocks into stepping stones. Never, never should you let the feeling of helplessness cross your mind.

Just now the thought comes to Rama that on reaching India you should at your earliest convenience enquire about the whereabouts of Puran who must be somewhere in the Punjab. He is the Editor of the *Thundering Dawn*. No introductory letters are necessary for him.

Hoping you will immediately write to Rama after securing a birth.

Your own pure, heroic Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

This letter was written to me when I was undergoing a great mental strain in regard to my contemplated journey to India, such opposition was raised against my going.

Suryananda.

— — —
(4)

OM !

Shasta Springs, California.

October 10, 1903.

MOTHER DEAR,

Your dear letter with paper and envelopes to hand. (I sent him a box of paper and envelopes). You will be accorded a hearty welcome when you step on that sympathetic soil (India). Rama has already written to India. In case you go there, you will find your name outspeeding you. You are welcome wherever you want to break journey. (In answer to a question he says,) "When we give ourselves up to *levity, frivolity and jollity*,

by an invisible Law of Nature we suffer from the reaction which depresses us low down. The wise man keeps his heart always *at home* and interested only in the One Supreme Reality.

As to the things of the world, he attends to them in the disinterested, dispassionate, indifferent, and self-possessed mood of a munificent princely *giver*.

This noble attitude is kept up in all *active* work. And in reference to *passive* experiences the free soul undergoes them all unaffected; unmoved, and in good cheer, *vividly* remembering all the time his *native glory*. "I am alone, the One without a second. The Sun is my semblance." Constant meditation on your own real Surya (sun) character and applying it to everyday affairs of life make your phenomenal self, the highest manifestation of Love, Light, and Life. You will write to Rama before setting sail or embarkation. You should also write when you reach Japan and Hongkong. Rama will be ever so glad to do anything for you in India.

Your noble, lovely Self as
RAMA.

(5)
OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,

October 16, 1903.

MOST BLESSED NOBLE SURYANANDA,

Both your letters came to Rama's hands simultaneously this noon. All is well and satisfactory. As you are going on a long trip, it might prove beneficial for you to add a little more to your knowledge of human nature, and indelibly impress on your mind the importance of keeping ourselves *perfectly* collected, serene, and *at home* all the time. (There was a delay of a certain matter which gave me much uneasiness). The apparent delays and oppositions are all meant to add to your inner power and purity. Naturalists have decisively shown that no evolution or progress could ever take place had it not been for struggles and opposition.

Do you remember the story of Robert Bruce and the Spider ? "Is not every grand discovery preceded by hundreds, nay thousands of unsuccessful attempts ?" Early in the morning you would do well to spend about half an hour in repeating to yourself this Mantram (pardon

omission of Mantram). Be strongly instilling into your very nature the truth involved in this Mantram while repeating it. This kind of continual autosuggestion will make a thorough Swami (Sannyasin) of you. You will please soon write as to what arrangements are made about your passage. With deepest love and sincere regard,

Your own Self,
RAMA SWAMI.

(6)



SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,

October 21, 1903

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SURYANANDA,

Yours of yesterday just to hand.

O ! What a happy news, sailing for India ! At Hongkong, if you call on Wassiamal Assomal (near the Clock Tower), you might delight the Hindu merchants by telling them about the happy state of Rama (Tirtha) Swami and your own noble mission.

The people to whom letters have already been given will furnish you satisfactorily with the information about all local matters. You need only start, everything else will run smooth

enough afterwards. Bear one thing in mind. When you happen to visit the people of any sect, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, you attend to, mark, or remember their criticisms of other parties. If you find any spirit of devotion, divine love, charity, or spiritual knowledge *anywhere*, take it up, absorb it, assimilate it, and have no time to pick up any body's jealousy. Don't notice their drawbacks and weaknesses.

Forget not to see Seth Sita Ram in Calcutta. You might also pay a visit whilst in Calcutta to the learned Editor of *The Dawn*, an unassuming, pure, self-denying, devoted, orthodox Vedantin. He also successfully carries on an educational and boarding Institution. In Calcutta you could also enjoy the Sankirtan, devotional dance.

Mother India will receive you as always a loving mother does a returning child estranged for years and years. Adieu for the present. Rama is always with you.

Passage to India !

O ! we can wait no longer !

We too take ship, O soul !

To you, we too launch out on trackless seas !

Fearless for unknown shores. On waves of
ecstasy.

To sail, Amid the wafting winds

Carolling free,—singing our song of God !

Chanting our chant of happy soothing OM !

Passage to India !

Sailing these seas, or on the hills, or waking
in the night,

Thoughts, silent thoughts of Time and Space

and Death like waters flowing,

Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite

Whose air I breathe, whose ripple.....

.....

Bathe me, O God in Thee, mounting to Thee,

I and my soul to range, in range of Thee,

Passage to Mother India !

Reckoning ahead, O' soul, when Thou the time
achieved.

The seas all crossed, weathered the copest, the

voyage done,

Surrendered, copest, frontest, God.

Yieldest, the aim attained.

As filled with friendship, Love complete,

The Elder Brother found,

The younger melts in fondness in his arms.

Passage to India !

Are thy wings plumed indeed for such far
flight ?
O' soul, voyagest thou indeed on voyages like
these
Soundest below the Sanskrit and the Vedas ?
Then have thy bent unbashed.
Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce
enigmas,
Passage to you, to mastership of you, you
Strangling problems,
Passage to mother India,
O Secret of Earth and sky !
Of you, O waters of the sea !
O winding creeks and Ganges !
Of you, O woods and fields !
Of you, O mighty Himalayas,
Of morning red ! O clouds ! O rain and snows,
O day and night, passage to you !
O sun and moon, and all ye stars,
Sirius and Japiter, passage to you !
Passage, immediate passage !
The blood burns in my veins !
Away, O soul, hoist instantly the anchor,
Cut the howsers—haul out—shake out every
sail.

Have we not stood here like trees in the ground
long enough ?

Sail forth, steer for the deep waters only,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet
dared to go,

And we will risk the ship ourselves and all.

O my brave soul !

O father, father, sail.

O daring joy but safe

O father, father, sail

To your real Home.

RAMA

—
(7)



OM

Chicago, Illinois.

February 15, 1904.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

Your numerous letters, the telegram, and all came duly to Rama's hands. When there is but one Reality, who should thank whom ? Rama is filled with joy, Rama is all peace. Work flows from Rama. Rama doeth no work. Be thou the fragrant rose, and sweet

aroma will waft of itself all around from thee, me ! me.

Do you feel yourself a Hindu with your whole heart ? Do you realise their errors and superstitions as your own ? Could you trust them as your own brothers and sisters ! Did you ever forget your American birth and find yourself transfigured into a Hindu born, as Rama often sees himself a deep dyed bigoted Christian ? If so, wonderful work will emanate from you spontaneously !

Who are you ? Who are you who go about to save the *lost* ? Are you saved yourself ?

Do you know that "whosoever would save his life, must lose it ? Are you then one of the lost ? Could you or would you be one of the lost ? Arise then and be a saviour. Be a sinner—Realize your *oneness* with him, and you can save him. There is no other way but this one way of love, to conquer all.

OM ! OM !

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA.

(8)
OM !

MINNEAPOLIS, M. N., U. S. A.

April 3, 1904.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

Where are you ? No letter was received from dear, noble mother after the happy New Year letter, written at Muttra. Peace, Peace, Peace comes from within. The kingdom of heaven is *within* alone. In books, temples, shrines, prophets, and saints—in vain, in vain the search after happiness. Your experience must have shown it by this time. If the lesson is once learnt, it is not dearly bought, no matter how much it costs. Sit alone, convert your very anguish into Divine Bliss, you may receive inspiringsuggestions from books like *The Thundering Down*. Meditate on OM ! and be a *giver* of peace to mankind and not an expectant *seeker*. Dear one, do you remember the last talk Rama gave you on the side of the Creek at Shasta Springs ? It was—given not as a *seeker*, but as the perpetual *giver* of Light and Love. Our hearts break when we are in the *seeking* attitude. You must have verified the state of

affairs in India as described in Rama's Appeal to Americans. Read that lecture once more, if you please. Don't expect any *immediate*, ostensible results from your labour of love. "Be contented to serve," says the spirit of Christ. We cannot receive any gift, benediction or reward higher than the privilege of serving. If you have not met Babu Ganga Prasad Varma, Editor of the *advocate*, Lucknow, do please see him. Does your heart take more delight in sharing the sufferings of poor Hindus in India or enjoying the comforts of life in America? (So much so) I want to be again in India.

OM ! ॐ OM !

Rama was one month in Portland, Oregon, one month in Denver, two weeks in Chicago, and a couple of weeks in Minneapolis. Vedanta societies are organized at these places. Free scholarships for poor Hindu students are secured at different Universities. From here Rama goes to Buffalo, N. Y. Thence to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington D.C. On June 29, 30 and 31, Rama is to be at the meetings of the World's unity League, St. Louis. In July Rama is to be at Lake Geneva.

In next fall Rama comes to London, England. Be not discouraged, mother dear. Look only at the sunny side of things. There is no rose without a thorn, unimixed good is not to be found in this world. The All Good is only the Self Supreme. If India had Vedanta (Truth) in *practice*, what necessity would there have been for Appeal to America? When your heart is perfectly attuned to the Beauty of *All*, you will find every thing glorious every-where.

Peace ! Peace !! Peace !!!

Central Bliss, Inner Joy for ever and for ever.

Your own Self as

SWAMI RAMA.

(9)

OM !

William's Bay, Wis, or Lake Geneva,

July 8, 1904.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SELF,

Your letters reached Rama, Thank you. Rama understands the situation through and through. Peace, joy and success shall ever abide with thee. There is no fear, nor danger

nor difficulty of any kind for a pure soul having cast aside the sense of possession and desire. I stretch myself in the Universe, and rest free ! free ! The viper in the breast is the little "I". Fling it aside, and all the world pays you homage. On Rama's return from Minneapolis, a long, type-written letter was mailed to your noble self for publication in the *Practical Wisdom*. The subject of the letter was Practical Wisdom. The first meeting of the world's Unity League at St. Louis was opened under Rama's presidency. In addition to Rama's lectures at the Unity League, talks were also given under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and the Church of Practical Christianity at St. Louis, besides some other places. Rama goes to Chicago in a few days, thence to Buffalo, Lily Dale, and Green-acre Maine, and leaves America in September or before.

Peace, Blessings, and love to all.

Your own Self as

SWAMI RAMA.

(10)

OM !

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA,

October 1, 1904.

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

Rama has not written anything to you for some time. It is because—

- (1) Rama has been ever so busy.
- (2) Wrote no letter to any person in India except the few letters for the Press.
- (3) Knowing that you were in good hands Rama did not think letters from him needful.
- (4) Since leaving Minneapolis Rama received no letters from you.

Peace, Blessing, Love and Joy abide with you for ever and ever.

In following your own inner voice truly, you can be false to no one. We owe nobody anything. Let our labour be the labour of love. To be ever sound and solvent should be our maxim.

Let everybody have his or her experience free. The only right we have is to serve and

help our fellowmen in *their onward* march. But let the march be really *onward* and not a make-believe progress. When I help my friends in their spiritual retrogression, I fall myself with them. Whatever you do, wherever you are, Rama's blessings and love are with you. Day after to-morrow Rama starts for New York and on 8th October most probably embarks on board *Princess Irene* for Gibraltar. It will probably be some time before reaching India because there is likelihood of stopping at many places on the way.

Motto to remember and to practise:—

If you know any thing unworthy of a friend, *forget it*.

If you know any thing pleasant about the person, *tell it*.

He sits high in all the people's hearts if he chucks out that *which would appear offence in us*

His countenance, like richest alchemy will change to virtue and to worthiness. The sun-like attitude of a fearless, continuous *Giver*, *serving without hope of reward*, shedding light and life out of free love, living in Divine

radiance as God's glory, above all sense of personality, exempt from selfishness, is Salvation and Redemption.

"I eat of the heavenly manna,

I drink of the heavenly wine.

God is within and around me.

All good is for ever mine."

Your own Self,

SWAMI RAMA.

(The following from Mrs. Wellman has no date)

"O the joy of the perusal of these precious letters ! and to copy them gives a greater light, joy, holy, uplifted consciousness. Dear Puran, I know they will give you joy, and be a help to whom you in turn give. A complete copy, it is impossible to give. The aura of the blessed divine master pervades the paper and all the lines he has penned, I treasure them above all else. The very presence of Rama is with me when I read those gracious lines inspiring ; yea, illumining my mind and heart, until the soul's brightness is perceptible; and my Atma, real Self Divine, is the only reality."

Suryananda.

(11)

Joy !

Joy !!

Joy !!!

OM !

ॐ

OM !

(The following letter was written by Swami Rama to Mrs. Wellman on his arrival in India from America.)

BOMBAY.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MATA,

Rama has been in Bombay five days and will soon come to Muttra. Lectures and engagements kept Rama busy all along. Rama is infinitely happy as usual. Rama is so glad to learn you are still in India. Wishing you perfect health, cheerful spirits, peaceful heart, and blissful mind, and hoping to see you in Muttra.

Yours in Self.

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

(12)

OM !

ॐ

OM !

Anand ! Anand !! Anand !!!

DEAR PURAN,

You know how we all met in Muttra and of the meetings. What a Blessed, blessed, time was that. Om, Om !

PUSHKAR,

February 14, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER DIVINE,

A Graduate of the Bombay University, a beautiful young man, has offered his life to Rama's work to day. He will stay with Rama assisting in literary work. How good is Providence or dear God. *It* or He never deceives those who work in trust on Him.

Narayana Swami will soon be sent to lecture abroad.

The work in nooks and corners is as grand as the work in the bright centres. In a Persian wheel, the small tooth-like wooden support (called *kutta* in Hindustani) is just as important as the oxen. The whole mechanism cannot stand if the poor wooden support be taken off. Nay, every nail attached to the spokes is of paramount importance. What if children do not make use of such apparently small things. In the eyes of God, work, however humble, is just as grand when done in the spirit of Love. The puny dewdrop appears nothing before the *glorious* Sun, but the observant eye sees that this very

tiny drop *reflects* the whole of the solar orb in its sweet little bosom. So my blessed dear mother, soft, silent work in neglected quarters unknown to name and fame is just as noble and indispensable as loud noisy work which attracts the attention of whole mankind. I had been despondent over the little I seemed to be doing. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The mother swathes the tender babe; and when Time brings him to the University, the Professor lectures to the grown-up boy, the mother's role is not so high-flown and reputation-bearing as that of the Professor. Nevertheless the mother's duty is far more sweet and important than the Professor's. We cannot suffer the maternal lap and the lullaby in childhood replaced by Professor's room and lectures.

Vedanta requires a common coolie to look upon his humble labour to be just as important and sacred as that of a Christ or Krishna. When we move one leg of a chair, do we not move the whole chair? So when we raise or elevate one soul, we raise and ennoble the whole world through him, so rigid is the solidarity of man.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other work may be.
 In their own tasks all their pouring powers.
 These attain the mighty life you see.

O air-born voice ! long since severely clear,
 A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear.

*Resolve to be thyself ; and know ,that he who
 finds himself, loses his misery.*

OM !

Joy ! Joy ! OM ! Peace ! Blessing ! Love.

RAMA.

—

(13)

PUSHKAR,

(DISTRICT AJMER.)

February 22, 1905.

OM ! Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

MOST BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER,

Your sweet, heavenly letter received. It
 is indeed wonderful *unison* with God, and
 marvellous harmony with Love, to have such
 beautiful control over the physical as blessed
 Suryananda has (I had been ill, and healed by
 divine power, Love).

OM ! Joy ! Jai ! Jai !

The poem you sent was very fine.

God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform !

He plants His footsteps in the sea

And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines

Of never failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs

And works His Sovereign Will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh Courage take.

The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy and shall break

In blessings on your head.

Behind a frowning Province

He bides a smiling face.

The bud may have a bitter taste

But sweet will be the flower.

Yes, Babu Jyoti Swarupa is indeed a most blessed heavenly incarnation of goodness. He is so kind.

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

(14)

PUSHKAR, AJMER DISTRICT.

OM ! Joy ! Joy ! OM ! Peace !

BLESSED MOTHER DIVINE,

Rama had been lying on the roof where you sat with him.

(Through the generous kindness of the Prime Minister at Kishangarh I was permitted to spend a day with the blessed Rama at Pushkar)

Lost in divine consciousness, unconscious till your letter along with some others was brought and placed in Rama's hands. A long, loud, hearty and happy laughter was sent to your blessed self, before opening the letter. OM ! Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! Dearest mother, Rama sends you another peal of joyful laughter after reading your sweet letter.

Mother, you are all right every way, and Rama thoroughly understands your pure, sweet, tender, gentle nature. Rama is writing on different subjects,—prose and some poetry—according to God's dictation.

Babu Ganga Prasad Varma was to go out to other provinces in India, visiting the Girls' schools and watching the Female Education

System abroad, with the view of introducing speedy Female Education Reforms in Lucknow and elsewhere. This work was entrusted to him by the Local Government. For this reason he could not come to see Rama before March. Rama probably won't stay on the plains in summer. Rama loves Kashmir and would highly enjoy your benign company and that of Rai Bhawani Das and other friends. Rama's presence and talks would benefit innumerable hungry souls, if Rama could go with you to Kashmir. But mother divine, the highest privilege that a person can enjoy is the continuous burning of the heart mind, body and all at the altar of *Truth* and *Humanity*, and this is the way acceptable to the Supreme Spirit in the form of the *Impersonal*, unadulterated, small, still voice from *within*.

"If duty can to brazen walls,
How base the fool who flinches."

Mother, consecrated life often goes led by some mysterious Divine reason that cannot be analysed.

Rama may accompany you to Kashmir but

nothing definite can be said till the very moment of departure.

Your own Self,
RAMA TIRTHA.

— — —
(15)
OM

JAIPUR,
March 9, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAREST DIVINITY,

You prophecy about Rama's coming has proved true so far that Rama has left Pushkar. Which way Rama goes from here, he leaves in the hands of the Supreme Providence (the Surya of Surya) to decide when the time comes. Two lectures were delivered in Ajmer Town Hall. They are going to arrange for lectures in the Town Hall at Jaipur. Puran had been to Pushkar, and wandered with Rama on the hills for two or three days. How sweet is Dil-jang Singh ! People are coming in crowds to see Rama, and this must be closed. God and I !

All this day we will go together, the night ever insatiate of love we will sleep together and rise early and go forward in the morning

wherever the steps shall lead, in solitary places or among the crowd, it shall be well. We shall not desire to come to the end of the journey nor consider what the end may be. Is not the end of all things with us already?

OM ! OM ! OM !

Soon will Rama be beyond the reach of letters—in forests, on hills, in God, in you. Don't know when next you may hear from.

Your own Self,

RAMA

Peace, Blessings, Love betide thee for ever.

(16)

OM !

HARDWAR

Thursday Evening

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER,

Your prophecy has come out true and Rama is coming to Dehra and his Divine mother. But people out of extreme love stopped Rama at several places on the way. Lectures have been delivered at Alwar, Moradabad, Ajmer and Jaipur. Rama stopped at Hardwar, parting company on the train with our beloved,

blessed Babu Jyoti Swarupa. The people here have come to know about Rama's presence, and they most lovingly implore Rama to prolong his stay. Rama also does not think it worth while to lose this opportunity to do what he can to improve the condition of the youthful Sadhus and others who are wonderfully receptive and hungry for anything proceeding from Rama. Work among the Sadhus, mother, is just what you wanted Rama to undertake, when we met at Muttra. Very lovely Swamis are taking in Rama's teachings.

Rama went up to the temple of Chandi on the opposite side of the Ganges to-day. The temple lies on the top of a lovely little hill. The forest on that side at the river is very thick, and the scenery most picturesque. The view of the Ganges, as branching into scores of streams, and turnings, is extremely beautiful. The Hinnalyan glaciers present a golden or diamond spectacle from the Chandi's Temple.

BLESSED ONE,

Neither praise nor blame,

Neither friends nor foes,



Neither love nor hatred,
Neither body nor its relations,
Neither home nor strange land.

No ! Nothing of this world is important.
God is ! God is real. God is the only reality.

Let everything go. God, God alone is the
all in all. Peace immortal falls as rain drops.
Nectar is dropping in the rain drops. Rama's
mind is full of peace. Joy flows from him.

Happy is Rama, and ever happy are you,
dear mother.

Peace ! Blessing !

Love ! Joy ! Joy ! OM ! OM !

Love, Blessing, Joy to your pupils, hostess
and host (Babu and Mrs. Jyoti Swarupa.)

Your own Self,
RAMA

(17)

July 5, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Rama's letter sent about a week ago to
your Mussorie address may have reached your
noble self before this. Rama cannot go to
Kashmir this summer. So you may leisurely

enjoy your pleasure trip to Kailas, Man Sarovar and other places. In the picturesque mountain scenes, you will surely feel at home at the sight of landscapes reminding you of the scenes earlier in life in blessed America.

Rama is very happy !

In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds
up and down I fly,

Hither and thither weave,

From birth to grave.

An endless web,

A changing sea

Of glowing life,

Thus in the whistling loom of time

I fly weaving the living robe of Deity.

OM !

Your ownself,
RAMA.

(18)

OM !

August 10, 1905.

Blessings ! Joy !

Peace ! Peace !

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER,

Your letter was received a few days ago. But Rama has replied to no letters lately. To-day are finished three very useful books that Rama has been writing in the vernacular for the people. How is your health now ? Rama wishes you perfect health and strength.

OM ! OM ! OM !

To arrange for your passage to America after all not a hard matter, but we want you to remain with us. Perhaps it is selfish, but you also love the people here. Are you sure that the feebleness of the physique is due only to the Indian climate; and return to America will certainly do you good ? If so, none of us should insist on keeping you here. We should all help to see you arrive safely in California.

Peace ! Heartfelt-Blessings ! Love !

Hope this letter will see you in good health.

OM !

RAMA.

(19)

OM ! OM ! OM !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy ! Joy !

Darjeeling

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

Perhaps you know already Rama is on the hills about a thousand miles from Mussorie. Rama lives all alone in an old house belonging to the Bengal Forest authorities. Away from the railway line, removed from the Post Office, beyond reach of visitors and callers, surrounded by a scenery among the richest in the world, with beautiful rills, and springs running at short distance from it, and when the weather is fair, commanding a distant view of the world's highest mountain, Mt. Everest. Even here fresh milk is brought to Rama by the mountaineers living in the woods. Walks in the woods and study fill up Rama's time.

What are name, fame, ambitions, wealth, achievement and all, when "man in the woods with God may meet" ? Why should we catch and cherish the *fever of doing* ?

Let us be divine. The morning breeze blows and is not anxious how many and what

sort of flowers bloom. It simply blows on everything, and those buds that are full ripe to sprout, open their eyes. The dens of lions, the burning jungle, the dingy dungeons, the earthquake shocks, the falling rocks, the storms, battlefields and the gaping graves, if accompanied by God-consciousness in us, are far sweeter than pomp, honour, glory, thrones, luxuries, retinue and all, when with these a man is not *Himself* in inner solitude *one with the One without a second*. Oh ! the joy of the finished purpose, light steps going about making every step our goal, every night the bodily death, and every day our new life."

Farewell, friends, and part,

The mansion universe is too small.

I and my love alone will play, Oh !

The joys of swimming together !

Together ? No. The joy of swimmers dissolved
rolling as the ocean !

OM ! Joy ! Joy !

Your own Self,
OM.

(20)

(The following is also a portion and the last received by me.)

Om ! Peace ! Peace ! Disciple ! Up !

Untiring hasten to bathe thy breast in the
morning red,

"As journeys this earth, her eye on a Sun,
through the heavenly spaces and radiant in azure,
or sunless swallowed in tempests."

Halters not, journeying equalsunlit, or stormgirt,
So thou, son of earth, who hast force, goal and
time , *go still onward.*"

"As the light of the sun in the rain mist,

As the stars reflect in the sea ;

So what to my wonder seems vastest

Is but a reflection from Me.

And all things that my spirit revereth,

All grandeurs my heart would enshrine,

By command of the silence that heareth

Already for ever were mine.

All arguments may fail,

All formal creeds prove false,

Only the limping soul needs Logic's crutches,

While to the pure in heart the very air breathes,

And the very ground pulses with truth.

Nature and God within man's heart are one
Why should I pray? Since all things far and
near

But answer to my spirit's most needs.
I bring my joy, my gratitude, my love.
I enter into life fearless and confident,
I cleanse myself from every hateful thought,
I make my daily toil a song of praise.
I love the earth and feel its very life is part
of me.

My only prayer is gladness which I love,
Why should I make appeal for help from some
far source?

Since life is mine, since I am one with Him
Who is my life."

OM !

Your Self,
RAMA

DEAR PURAN,

I am happy to share these precious letters.
We were both Rama's disciples. O mother
India, my heart leaps to thee. Dear children,
fail not remember Suryananda.

The student of thy modern Rishi is ever,

ever mindful of thee. Let us awake out of this body death, this Babylon of confusion. Let us return to our father's house enriched with the experience of mortality. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Let the dead present on burying its dead. We will listen to the voice speaking in us, and not be ashamed of God. We will call ourselves by that *one* name, for we are born of God, Sexless and *United* in the "I Am."

Thou art the word of the Lord God and thou shalt endure for ever. All life is invisible.

• Only such as have ceased to see personality, can know the Infinity of being." The narrow-minded ask, "Is this one of our tribe (caste)? But the twice-born (Born of Truth) are of noble disposition. The whole world is but one family." (Gita).

Light and Love are one. Thou art the self-illuminating one.

"Hatred stirreth up strife but Love covereth all sins."

A man's heart desireth his way. But the Lord directeth his steps.

"Memory's records, sad though sweet can lose their influence never !"

Dear Puran, I wish I might send money with this to publish all you desire.

I trust, dear Puran, that you will not defer answering this, as I shall want to know if you received it.

Love to your mother, to your wife, also kindly remember me to those who may enquire. I have written two letters to Babu Jyoti Swarupa since receiving any reply from him. What has become of Swami Shivgan Acharya? Please tell me if he is still at Muttra. If you see Dear Rama's people or can send them word of my Love for them, please do so. Thou knowest in the kingdom of Truth, Love, Wisdom, we are one ! OM ! OM ! OM ! Ever, As Ever Mother.

Address, Station M. Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

1

God bless our ancient Hind.

Ancient Hind, once glorious Hind,

From Sagar Island to the Sind,

May perfect peace e'er reign therein.
 God bless our peaceful Hind,

2

Let all her sons in love unite
 And make them do their duty aright.
 Fill them with knowledge ever true
 And let their virtue shin anew.

3

Your aid the country doth implore,
 Give her a hearing, oh, once more,
 National spirit in her do pour,
 Extend her fame from shore to shore.
 God bless once powerful Hind.

4

O Krishna of mighty deeds untold.
 O Rama ever so brave and bold,
 Forsake them not in evil days
 Unworthy though in many ways,
 God bless our helpless Hind.

Rama's Lover.

SWAMI RAMA.

The following poem was read at a Farewell meeting held on the occasion of Swami Rama's departure for India.

1 Like golden Oriole neath the Pines,

Rama chants to us his blessed lines.
Rich freighted with the Orient's lore
He spreads it on our Western shore.
A bird of passage on the wing,
He brings a message from the King.
And this his clear resounding call
All, all for God and God for all !
His message given, he flits afar
Like swiftly coursing meteor,
But leaves of Heavenly fire a trace—
A new-born love for all his race.
Adieu ! Sweet Rama, thy radiant smile
A soul in Hades would beguile,
And though we may not meet again
Upon this changing earthly plane,
We know to thee all good must be,
For thou'rt in God and God in thee.

OM ! OM ! OM !

LETTERS TO MRS. PAULINE WHITHMAN
(KAMALANANDA)
HER MOTHER (CHAMPA) AND HER SISTER
(From Original manuscripts)

(1)

SHASTA SPRINGS,
July 22, 1903.

DEAR BLESSED CHAMPA (Flora),

Perhaps you would not like to be addressed that way. But whether you do or not, Rama feels inclined to call you by that name. In the East Indian's (Hindus) language every name has a remarkable significance, and the name *Champa* (usually given to girls of noble and high families) literally means sweet-scented, full blown white Jessamine.

This name naturally and spontaneously occurred to Rama just when the pen was handled to write this letter. It can be written—*Champa*—or *Chumpa*.

The other day a long letter was dictated to Kamala rPauline) in answer to all your queries. Did you receive the letter from her? It contained also some recent poems of Rama.

VEDANTIC DIRECTIONS.

1. Vedantic Religion may be summed up in the single commandment—

Keep yourself perfectly happy and at rest no matter what happens sickness, death, hunger, calmny, or anything.

Be cheerful and at peace on the ground of your Godhead to which thou shalt ever be true.

2. The world - its inmates, relations and all are vanishing quantities if you please to assert the Majesty of your real Self.

Inspect, observe and watch or do anything; but do all that in the light of your True Self, that is to say, forget not that your Self is above all that and beyond all want.

You really require nothing. Why should you feel a desire for anything? Do your work with the grace of a Universal Ruler, for pleasure, fun, or mere amusement's sake. Never, never feel that you want anything.

3. When you live these principles of Vedanta, spontaneously will the sweet aroma of Truth proceed in all directions from you.

Before falling asleep—when the eyes begin to close every night or noon make a firm

resolve in your mind to find yourself an embodiment of Vedantie Truth on waking up.

When you wake up, before doing anything else just bring to your mind vividly the determination dwelt upon before falling asleep.

Whenever you can, just chant or hum to yourself OM.

This way like a true, genuine Champa you will be shedding delicious fragrance and charming glory all around you all the time.

Loud outcries and wounds which once would
hurt and smart;

Now sound so sweet...like hymns of praise or
music's balmy art.

O thief, O slanderer, robber dear ?

Look sharp, come, welcome, quick, O don't
you fear.

My self is thine, thine is mine,

Yes, if you don't mind,

Please take away these things you think are
mine.

Yes, if you think it fit,

Kill this body at one blow,

Or slay it bit by bit.

Take off the body and all you may,

Be off with name and fame, away !
 Take off, away !
 Yet if you look just turning round,
 'Tis I alone am safe and sound.
 Good day ! O dear, Good day !

NOTES FOR KAMALA.

The true way to bring about Vedantic Socialism is to enjoy our *Now and here*, irrespective of wealth or poverty, to such a degree that the rich may feel their poverty before us, and rise above their sense of possession. The greatest mistake made by the present-day Socialist is that they *envy* the drop of sea-spray possessed by the so-called wealthy, instead of *pitying* their burden.

Those who have a mind to enjoy can enjoy the diamonds shining in the brilliant star-lit skies, can derive abundance of pleasure from the smiling forests and dancing rivers, can reap inexhaustible joy from the cool breeze, sunshine and moonlight freely placed at the service of each and all by Nature.

Those who believe *their happiness depends upon particular conditions*, will find the day of

enjoyment ever recede from them and run away constantly like will-o-the-wisp. The so called *wealth of the world* instead of being a source of happiness only serves as an artificial screen to shut out the glory and aroma of all Nature—heavens and free scenery.

There is no artificial music which can ever come up to the natural flow of one's own feelings whether in the form of silent tears or solitary laughter, or lonely dabbling in poetry.

All artificial music and especially phonographic music being heard over and over again ultimately jars on the ears and brings down the Soul to the material plane.

Why should we quarrel over an equal distribution of stones and pebbles ?

Kamala can well afford to let the so-called rich people make fools of themselves in claiming an exclusive possession of the disease called *wealth*.

HIMALAYAN SOLITUDE

(*To continue for some years yet*)

(The same matter as that of Himalayan scenes No. V given on pages 178 *it seq.* together with the following :—)

... Deep meditation, study of Vedic Scriptures, and writing on Philosophy and Religion keep Rama busy all the time in this lofty solitude. No village within eight miles. One servant lives at a distance of one mile down the hill to prepare food for Rama. For many months Rama wrote or answered no letters of any kind, giving up all correspondence.

K. and O. (Kamla and Om) need not hurry for India.

Everything will come out in due time beautifully without any impatience on our parts. Just live in God, as God.

Not the body, not the mind,

No relations, no connections,

Constitute your Self.

Nothing but God is,

Nothing but God is your Self.

Peace, Blessings, Joy to the most blessed Girja and Champa.

Ashtavakra Gita translated by a dear blessed friend of Rama is sent herewith under separate cover.

1. Let nothing be committed in the capacity of little self or personality.

2. Let us live as if the body, etc., never were (existed).

An ancient Vedic hymn is partly translated below being originally composed by a Hindu lady.

... ..
3. By me, whoever sees, or breathes, or hears what is said, eats food : they know it not but are under my control. Listen one and all, verily it is so.

4. I blow as the wind blows, taking hold of all worlds : past heaven, past earth : I am all might.

5. I am Law, the inevitable, I am Truth, the inexorable. I bend the bow for Nature that her arrow may smite down the people who live not God-life.

Over heaven is my reign, this mighty earth I stretch.

Prayers of mankind draw nigh me, like lowing cattle coming home from the forest in the evening.

Your Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

(2)
OM

September 15, 1903.

DEAREST "GOOD BOY" OR SWEETST BABY

KAMALA,

You are pure, faultless and Holy of holies. No blame, no spot, no taint of worldliness, no fear, no sin. Arn't you such, darling?

IF YOU NEVER MIND, you might put into verse the following thoughts. The attempt to do so will keep you on blessed heights.

These are translated from a Persian poem that Rama wrote this morning. You might versify them while in Portland or Denver. Just suit yourself.

You have every right to modify the ideas.

1. Rage wild and surge and storm, O Ocean of Ecstasy, and level you down the Earth and Heavens. Drown deep and shatter and scatter all thought and care. O! what have I to do with these?

2. Come, let us drink deep and deeper still. O dead drunk! we weed out the sense of division, pull down the walls of limited existence, and set at large That Unveiled Bliss.

3. Come, madness Divine, quick, look sharp, alack the delay ! My mind is weary of the flesh, O ! let the mind sink, sink in Thee; spare it prompt, from the consuming oven.

4. Set on fire the *meum et tuum* (mine and thine); cast to the four winds all fear and hope; eliminate differentiation; let the head be not distinguished from the foot.

5. Give me no bread, give me no water, and give me no shelter or rest, Love's precious parching Thirst ! O Thou alone art enough to atone the decay of millions of frames like this.

The western sky doth seem to glow ?

So beautifully bright ;

It is the Sun that makes it so ?

Surely it is thy light.

Your own Self,
RAMA.

(3)

Kishangadh House,
PUSHKAR, (Ajmer District)
February 22, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

What a splendid weather where Rama is.

Every day a New Year day and every night a Christmas night. The blue heavens are my cup and the sparkling light my wine. .

I am the light air in the hills, I pass and pass and pass. From the hills I creep down into the towns and cities—fresh and pervading through all the streets I pass.

Him I touch and her I touch and you I touch—such is my playful amusement.

I am the Light, lovingly I feed my children—the flowers and plants. I live in the eyes and hearts of the beautiful and the strong.

Stay with Me, then I pray ;

Dwell with Me through the day

And through the night, and where it is neither
night nor day,

Dwell quietly, Pass, pass not anymore.

Thou canst not pass.

I too am where thou art ;

I hold thee fast ;

Not by the yellow sands nor the blue deep,

But in my heart, thy heart of hearts. .

By living in the Light of light the way opens up of itself. The accurate working of details takes place spontaneously (like the

opening up of the closed petals of a rose-bud)
when the genial light of Devotion and divine
Wisdom shines free.

It is hoped you received the January
issue of the Thundering Dawn from Puran,
Sutarmandi, Lahore.

Your own Self,
SWAMI RAMA TRUTH.

In the January issue, your poems have been
published under the name *Kamala Nanda* which
is a full Swami name.

When you send any fresh contributions,
they will appear under the name 'Om' If you
you like.

Love, Blessings, Joy, Peace to dear blessed
Girja and all.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

STARS ..

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of
heaven,

Over the lit sea's unquiet way,

In the resulting night-air came the voice,

"Wouldst thou be as they are ? Live as they,"

Unaffrighted by the silence round them,

Undistracted by the sights they see.
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
 And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll ;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with nothing,
 All the fever of some differing soul.
 Bounded by themselves and unregardful
 In what state God's other work may be
 In their own tasks, all their powers pouring
 These attain the mighty life you see."

(4)

PUSHKAR

District Ajmer, India.

Joy ! Joy ! Joy !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

DEAREST MOST BLESSED SELF,

On the bank of a calm, clear and deep, deep lake Rama lives. A long, even-sized, continuous hill lies stretched on one side, wearing a beautiful green shawl all over. Mango-groves abound here. There are two little flower-gardens in the house where Rama lives. Flights of gorgeous peacocks keep screaming from

their metallic throats. Ducks are playfully swimming and diving in the lake. Narayana Swami (the beautiful young man of whom Rama may have spoken to you) is here helping Rama in copying his writings, etc.

This lake is called the Earth's eye. The wooded hills and cliffs are its overhanging brows. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the Sun's hazy brush—this the light dust-cloth.

This lake is one of the highest characters Rama has met; how well it preserves purity! It has not acquired one wrinkle after all its ripples. It is perennially young.

Let such be our hearts.

OM ! OM !!

In summer Rama moves up to the cool Himalayas.

The western sky doth seem to glow
So beautiful bright ;
Is it the sun that makes is so ?
Surely it is thy light.

Here do—

Birds hang and swing, green-robed and red,
Or droop in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed from tree to tree ;
Or siug low hanging overhead,
Sing soft as if they sing and sleep,
Sing low like some distant waterfall,
And take no note of us at all.

The *Thundering Dawn* is re-started. Four new numbers have already been out. The January issue is almost entirely from Rama's pen. Some of Kamala's poems have also been given under the name of Kamalananda.

No letter from Kamala is received in India.
Peace, Blessings, Love from

Your own Self,
SWAMI RAMA.

To DEAR LITTLE OM, Joy, Joy, Joy,
and Love to Girja.

You must be ready at the right time to come to Rama. Rama will write when the time comes. OM ! OM !!

Rama.

(5)
OM !

Joy ! Biessings ! Peace ! Love !
Darjeeling,
August, 30, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAREST ONE,

For three months Rama was on the summit of a mountain (about 8,000 ft.) opposite the world's highest mountain, viz., Mt. Everest. Day after to-morrow he will go down to the plains. Five books have been written here and twenty books read.

Rama's mind is brimful of Joy and peace.

The world has, as it were, entirely vanished from the mind.

God, God alone

Everywhere !

Within, without

Far and near !

O Joy !

Thrilling peace !

Undulating Bliss !

What a heaven !

Peace !

Blessings !

Love !

Health spiritual, mental, and physical and

all that is good. Girja, Om, Champa and others
 dear to you.

Peace Immortal falls as rain drops.

Nectar is dropping in musical rain.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My clouds of glory, they march so gaily !

The worlds as diamonds drop from them.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My breezes of Law blow rhythmical rhythmical

Lo ! Nations fall like petals, leave

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My balmy breath, the breeze of Law,

Blows beautiful ! beautiful !

Some objects swing and sway like twigs,

And others like the dewdrops fall.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My graceful light, sea of white !

An ocean of milk, it undulate .

It ripples softly, softly, softly ;

And then it beats out worlds of spray !

I shower forth the stars as spray !

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

RAMA,

OM ! OM ! OM !

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

(1)

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

August 10, 1903.

(Under the canopy of starlit heaven, in a Natural garden on the bank of a Mountain Stream.)

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter along with some other mail received just after coming back from a most pleasant trip to the top of Mt. Shasta (14444 ft. altitude).

Dear, thou shalt absolutely *do* nothing

Set well thy house in order, open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter—thy treasures, let the poorest take of them then come thou forth to where I wait for thee.

Pass out—free O Joy—free flow on ! swim across in the Sea of Equality, सनता समुद्र. At one jerk snap asunder, break off all ties and duties, and stand glorious in Thy Godhead.

वर चरम ए खर महान्न ताके ।

The people of Portland (Oregon) write Rama in a long poem which partly runs as follows: —

"Dear little Lotus Flower,
Nestling in thy cozy bower,
Mid the leaves so cool and green
happy eyes alone Thou'rt seen.
Smiling, resting, cooing
The soft Zephyrs gently wooing
Lifting up thy star-lit eyes
To the heavenly blissful skies
Thou dost rest so gently on—
Silent, laughing, wonderful, calm.
All the world's to thee
Thyself; and nothing
More or less.



The flowers smile and nod with glee;
Some, soon, thou wilt be here.
The clouds let down their dewy tears
To welcome these so dear !
Thy message lo ! the wind doth blow
Where does the sound come from ?
Above, below, behind, before
"I come, I come, I come."

No more letters to Rama. If Rama please,
he may drop a line or so, but letters addressed
to Rama will not reach him.

Look within, search within, you will always
get the answers. Yourself is Rama.

Invitations come from all quarters.

पर, भई ! वह तो मौज का मालिक है ।

खयाल तो यह था कि दुनिया के कुटुंबाल को लुढ़काता-
लुढ़काता राम फारस की राह शायद भारत को आयागा, लेकिन
क्या ठिकाना ।

माचो है न मुस्तर्काबल, कर्जा है न कर्जा, लेना न देना ।

तरंगे-बेखुदी में किसी दिन यह जिस्म का बुलबुला फूटने को
नहीं आता ?

यहाँ किसका भारत और किसका अमरीका ?

जिसको गरज पड़ी हो इन कलमों किताबों के ढेर (Manus-
cripts) को बाद में छपवाता फिरे ।

जित्थे गई सोहनो, ओथे महींवाल ।

छड़ दुन्या, छड़ कम्म दुन्या दे, नाले दुन्या-वाले
मता मातलकमिन तहवा दाउद दुनिया वा आमिला ॥

BUSINESS PAGE

1. 21 Pages were sent the other day. If
Babu Harlal be willing to publish that, well
and good, otherwise you may see it through
the Press with his consent.

2. You may correspond with Babu Ram
Narayana, c/o, RAI CHANDOO LAL,

Deputy Collector and Magistrate, Agra,

in regard to राम चर्चा and other Urdu lectures if they have printed any.

3. 8 Pages of English poetry are sent herewith.

4 The "Appeal" was handed to the *President of the United States* in a personal interview by Rama. The whole matter is for the present laid in the hands of a committee of San Francisco-nobility.

5. The four lectures sent from San Francisco were to be reprinted in India. You can get any number of copies there. For further particulars, write please to Babu Harlal.

6. OM ! OM ! to Pandit Udai Chandra and all. OM ! OM !! OM !!!

(2)

PORTLAND, ORE.

To

MRS. E. C. CAMPBELL.

Denver, Colorado.

When people set *their heart on anything* and meet with obstacle, there do they get ruffled and upset. The cause of agitation and disturbance without exception is the tendency to

resist the seeming *Evil*. Thus, don't you think Christ had his head level when he said, "Resist not Evil"? Keep yourself calm, perfectly happy, and receive with good cheer whatever appears to be opposing the current of your desire. When we don't lose our balance and remain centred in Self, Rama has always seen through personal experience that the seeming evil turns into good. Don't you remember how those Rc. 10 were sent to a Hindu student after a seeming evil? But by distemper and disquietude we shut out upon ourselves the gate of all the blessings, noble thoughts and happy pieces of fortune that might be awaiting us. Overcome all evil and difficulties by a mind carrying the body and worldly life on the palm of its hand, in other words, by giving a mind full of *love* than which there is no higher force. Om !

Your own dear Self as

RAMA SWAMI.

(3)

PORTLAND, ORE.

To

MRS. E. C. Campbell,

Denver, Colorado.

YOU ARE CONSTANTLY REMEMBERED BY RAMA.

OM ! OM !!

You are so sincere, pure, noble, earnest, faithful and very good ! Are you not ?

1. To compare or contrast one person with another in the mind.
2. To compare oneself with any body else mentally.
3. To compare the present with the past and brood over the memory of past mistakes.
4. To dwell upon future plans and fear anything.
5. To set our heart on anything but the one Supreme Reality.
6. To depend on outward appearances and not to practically believe in the inner Harmony that rules over everything.
7. To jump up to the conclusions from the *words*, or seeming conduct of people,

and not to rest thoroughly satisfied with faith in the Spiritual Law.

8. To be led astray too far in conversation with the people.

It is this that breeds discontent in people's mind. Therefore shun these eight sources of trouble. Om !

Your own noble Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

LETTERS FROM INDIAN PLAINS

KISHANGARH HOUSE,
PUSHKAR, AJMERE.

*(For the Thundering Dawn or for immediate
publication elsewhere)*

(1)

WHO AM I ?

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Take up a mirror and see Me reflected in it. Enter into inner solitude and feel Me as the Power of Silence. Look up at the Sun and behold my likeness. "Verily know Me, this is the highest gain for man. Know Me. Whoever knows Me, by no deed soever is his future bliss marred, never will depart the bloom from the face of one who knows Me."

—(Upnishad)

Blessed art thou, whosoever, from whose eyes the scales are dropped to see Me ! Blessed is the place where thou walkest, for it must be turned into paradise by your Rama glances. Everywhere my home is.

Beating in thy breast, seeing in thy eyes, throbbing in thy pulse, smiling in the flowers, laughing in the lightning, roaring in the rivers, and silent in the mountains is Rama. Fling aside Brahmanhood, burn up Swamiship, throw overboard the alienating titles and honours. Rama is one with you, darling. Whoever you be, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, man or woman, saint or sinner, Christ or Judas, Krishna or Gopi, Rama is your own Self. I am determined to thunder out in your bosom my Godhead, your Godhead, and proclaim it through every deed and moment.

Germany, England, America, India and all, I must shake them to freedom. I am tired of the old game. Dream-walker! dost thou hear the Himalayan Peal? Dost thou feel the Thundering Dawn? Freedom! Freedom!

No flimsy phantom this. So wills Rama, your Self of self, and Rama's order absolute. Freedom! Freedom!!

Not to produce millions of followers like Buddha, Mohammed, Christ and other Prophets or Incarnations, but to produce, evoke

or express Rama himself in every man, woman and child is Rama's mission. Trample over this body, eat up this personality, grind, digest and assimilate me, then alone you do justice to Rama.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

मुरासिला वनाम रिसाला अलिफ
 एक साल से ज्यादा अरसे तक । 'तुम 'वे' बन कर लेते रहे ।
 आखिर कहाँ तक ? उठ खड़े हो । कुम बहजनी । राम बादशाह
 हर दिलो-दीदह में जा मंडा अलिफ का ठोक दे ।
 बहुत सा मजमून रिसाला अलिफ के लिये भी तैयार पड़ा है ।
 खर्च बर्च को परवाह को एक दम दरया बुर्द कर दो ।

Resolve to be thyself and know that he
 who finds himself loses his misery.

(2)

Advocate Office,
 Lucknow.

The Steamer for Japan leaves Calcutta on
 about August 20th, 1902.

It is not known when Rama returns to
 India. Even the landing place will not be
 foretold.

Ever with you, ॐ

RAMA.

(3)

MUZAFFARNAGAR.

October 18, 1905.

SWEETHEART, GREAT HEART

Ashes smeared to the hands wash clean
the skin,

So, thrice blessed are physical ailments,
when they rub away along with themselves
the skin-consciousness,

O welcome illness and pain !

So long as a dead carcase is left in the
house, there is every danger of all kinds of
pest; when the corpse is removed, health reigns
supreme. Just so, as long as body-conscious-
ness is cherished, we invite every malady in the
world. Burn away the body and its bearings,
and immediately we enjoy unrivalled Sovereignty.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

No jealousy, no fear ;

I'm the dearest of the dear.

No sin, no sorrow ;

No past, no morrow,

The learned Mahatmas with hair splitting
heads and prominent bellies.

The spectacled Professors astonishing the

innocent students in the laboratory or the observatory.

The bare-headed orators striking dumb their audiences from their pulpits or platform.

Even the poor rich full of complaints of one kind or another—

All these I am.

The heavens and stars,

Worlds, near and far,

Are hung and strung

On the tunes I sung ;

No rival, no foe !

No injury, no woe !

No, nothing could harm me,

No, nothing alarm me

The soul of all,

The nectar-fall,

The Sweetest Self,

Yea ! health itself.

The prattling streams,

The happiest dreams,

All myrrh and balm,

Rawan and Rama,

So pure, so calm,

Am I, am I,

RAMA.

WANTED

Reformers

Not of others but of themselves,

Who have won

Not University distinctions,

But victory over the local self;

Age: the youth of divine joy ;

Salary: Godhead.

Apply sharp

With no begging solicitations

but commanding decision to

the Director of the Universe,

Your Own Self.

OM !

OM !

OM !

OM !





See vol. 7

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Borrower's Name	Date of Issue	Date of Return
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